

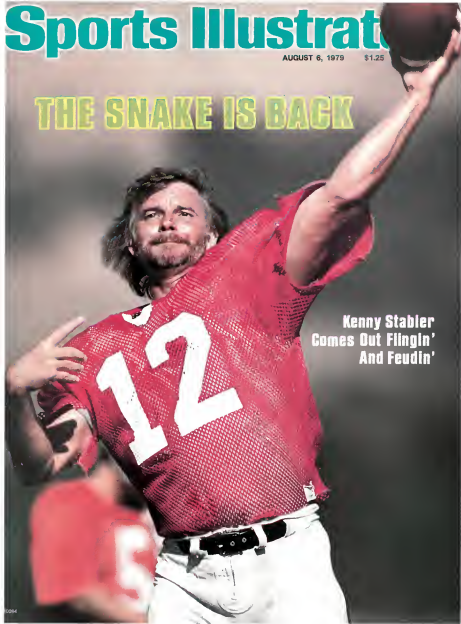
Sports Illustrated

AUGUST 6, 1979

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CAR MODELS (with standard powertrains)	EPA Estimated MPG	Fuel Capacity (Gals.)	Estimated Driving Range	CAR MODELS (with standard powertrains)	EPA Estimated MPG	Fuel Capacity (Gals.)	Estimated Driving Range	CAR MODELS (with standard powertrains)	EPA Estimated MPG	Fuel Capacity (Gals.)	Estimated Driving Range
Mercedes-Benz 450SEL	17	25.3	394	Mercedes-Benz 6.9	19	25.3	393	Volvo 245	19	15.8	299
Jaguar XJ-S	16	24	340	Toyota Camardo Sedan	19	17.2	310	Lincoln Beta Zephyr	20	12.5	250
MG MG6	16	13	206	Saab 900i	18	14.5	271	Alfa Romeo Sport Sedan	19	12.8	233
BMW 733i	17	22.5	372	Porsche 904 (Gas powered)	18	18.5	335	Fiat X1/15	19	12.2	219
Rolls Royce Silver Shadow I	18	26	408	Lincoln Beta Coupe	20	12.5	250	Volvo 205	19	15.8	293
Toyota Supra	18	18.1	306	TVR	18	12	216	Triumph Spitfire	22	8.7	162
Saab 900 Turbo	19	14.5	276	Subaru GL Wagon	25	11.8	296	Rolls Royce Silver Wraith II	18	26	380
Mercedes-Benz 280E	19	21.1	399	Porsche 920 Turbo	19	21.1	354	Fiat Spider 2000	22	10.4	225
Renault L40	17	13	210	Volvo 244	18	15.8	285	Subaru 4WD Wagon	22	11.8	256
Rolls Royce Bentley	18	26	380	Renault 17 Sedan	22	12.5	275	Mercedes-Benz 450SEL	17	23.8	396
Volvo 242	18	15.8	285	Alfa Romeo 2000 Spider Veloce	18	12.2	223	Volvo 242GT	18	15.8	285
Volkswagen Rabbit (Gas powered)	25	10.8	270	Jaguar XJ12L	18	25.4	356	Alfa Romeo Spider Veloce	18	12.9	233
Porsche 904	18	18.5	332	Maserati Merak	18	20	360	BMW 528i	18	14.4	276
Audi Fox	19	11.9	234	Saab 900	18	14.5	271	Honda Civic	28	10.8	297
Mercedes-Benz 280CE	19	21.1	396								
Volkswagen Dasher Sedan (Gas powered)	19	11.8	234								
Lincoln Beta MPV	17	12.5	263								
Datsun 510 Hatchback	21	13	296								
Volkswagen Beetle Convertible	25	10.1	252								
BMW 320i	18	15.8	303								
MG Montego	23	7.5	165								
Honda Accord	26	13.2	344								
Porsche 926	21	22.7	350								
Rolls Royce Corniche	18	26	380								
Datsun 810 Sedan	23	15.8	318								
Aston Martin V8	18	25.2	392								
Fiat Strada	18	12.1	218								
Triumph TR7	18	14.4	234								
Volvo 262	19	15.8	271								
Mazda RX-7	18	14.5	241								
Rolls Royce Corniche	18	26	380								
Toyota Corona Sedan	18	15.1	266								
Ford Probe Coupe	19	12.2	261								
Honda Prelude	19	13.2	244								
Lincoln Beta Sedan	21	12.5	263								
Volkswagen Scirocco	24	10.8	256								
Toyota Celica	19	15.1	266								
Mercedes-Benz 450SL	19	23.8	396								
BMW 533Ci	18	16.4	281								
Mazda GLC Hatchback	26	10.8	296								
Honda Civic Wagon	28	10.8	297								
Volvo 264	19	15.8	271								

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Driving range estimates are obtained by multiplying the EPA and highway estimates by the standard fuel tank capacity ratings (DeVilles and Fleetwood Brougham, 25 gals.) In some cases, Cadillac's superior range estimate is due to a larger fuel tank capacity. Remember, The circled EPA estimate is for comparison to other cars. Your mileage and range will probably be less than the highway estimates. See your dealer for California figures. Cadillacs are equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions.

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Curitiba	412	Recife	81	São Paulo	11



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



NACK: HE GROOMED HIMSELF FOR THE JOB

It was vintage Bill Nack. There he was with John Veitch, the trainer for Calumet Farm, in that not quite well-known Louisville night spot, the Voom Voom Room, a couple of furlongs from the stable gate at Churchill Downs. It was 2 a.m., hazy blue smoke was clinging to the ceiling and the exotic—the bar's description, not ours—dancers looked about as tired as some of the claimers in the barns down the road. Suddenly from one of the stools at the bar came the stentorian tones of William Louis Nack reciting the last page of *The Great Gatsby*. Veitch countered with A. E. Housman and Nack parried with Yeats. The bartender, used to hearing the morning line but not those lines, stopped washing glasses and one of the dancers listened intently as Nack plumed on.

Nack, whose account of the record-breaking yearling sales at Lexington, Ky. begins on page 16, goes after stories the same way he approaches literature—enthusiastically. This has resulted in some harrowing experiences. There was, for example, the time he was covering the match race between Ruffian and Foolish Pleasure at Belmont Park. When Ruffian broke down on the backstretch shortly after leaving the starting gate, Nack leaped from a box near the finish line onto the track and began running. All he could think about was getting across the track and the infield to the far side to find out

what had happened to Ruffian. "I was in the middle of the track," says Nack, "when I heard ba-boom, ba-boom, ba-boom. I looked up and froze. Here came Foolish Pleasure, thundering down the stretch toward the finish. I didn't know whether to go forward or back. I had visions of the newspaper headlines: RUFFIAN BREAKS DOWN, NEWSPAPER REPORTER KILLED." Fortunately, Nack avoided Foolish Pleasure and was one of only two reporters—more than 100 covered the race—to view the injured filly close up.

At the time, Nack, a journalism graduate of the University of Illinois, was with the Long Island, N.Y. newspaper *Newsday*, which he had joined in 1968 after serving a year with the Army in Vietnam. He moved from the city desk to the horse-racing beat and eventually became a sports columnist before coming to *SI* last February. His exceptional prose had preceded him. In 1975 we excerpted portions of his highly praised book on Secretariat, *Big Red of Meadow Stable*. Last year his lyrical and thoughtful piece on Forego won an Eclipse Award.

The award was no surprise; Nack knows his horses as well as the language. He has taught equitation and, before college, he was a groom at Arlington Park. There he worked for trainer Bill Molter, and the star of the stable was Round Table, the Horse of the Year in 1958. In the tack room behind Round Table's stall, Nack used to practice his jockey's crouch on a wooden horse. One day he had a friend strike a stirrup with a screwdriver to simulate the bell signaling the opening of a starting gate. "The next thing I know, Round Table's front hooves are on top of the stall," Nack said. "He heard the clang and he was snorting and rearing, ready to go. I thought I was going to be fired for getting him upset. It was very embarrassing."

Bill wasn't fired, and obviously his days—and nights—of the Round Table have enhanced his journalistic knack.

John F. Sullivan

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BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

FROM HERBERT WARREN WIND COMES A STUDY IN THE ART OF COURTLY TENNIS

Herbert Warren Wind, who writes regularly about tennis and golf for *The New Yorker*, is an old-fashioned man. He has a sense of history, something of a rarity these days, and he believes in sportsmanship—also, alas, something of a rarity. Wind is a graceful, discursive stylist who eschews vague idiom and who unfailingly brings to his work a sophisticated knowledge of the games he covers. There are few American sportswriters who command such high respect among their peers.

Because he publishes in a magazine that grants its contributors unusual, indeed eccentric, latitude, Wind has been free over the years to flavor his reportage with his opinions, which are manifold and tart. Here he is, for example, on *fair play*. "I have an idea that the highest code of sportsmanship in tennis is the one that the great Australian players of the Sedgman-Laver-Rosewall-Newcombe era followed in their matches. They played every call, whether or not they agreed with it, hoping that matters would even out in the long run, never making an issue of it if they didn't. There is a certain fragility implicit in the structure of tournament tennis—and of other sports as well—and the Australians apparently sensed this danger and preferred to concentrate purely and simply on playing tennis."

That passage, which perfectly illustrates both Wind's style and his point of view—one plays by the rules, gentlemen—is from one of the 20 pieces collected in *Game, Set, and Match* (Dutton, \$12.95). Subtitled "The Tennis Boon of the 1960s and '70s," the book provides a remarkably thorough examination of recent tennis history, from Rod Laver's grand slam in 1962 through the opening of Flushing Meadow Park for last year's U.S. Open.

The dramas and controversies of world-class tennis are at the heart of these pieces, but there is much more to them than that. For one thing, Wind's interest in the "sense of continuity" in tennis leads him into a number of explorations of the game's distant past, including a trip to England and Wales to track down the residences of the man who invented lawn tennis, Major Walter Clopton Wingfield. Wind is no less interested in the weekend tennis player, and in a 1977 article called "The Incredible Tennis Explosion" he summons up a lavish collection of statistics—and embellishes them with on-the-scene reports—that disclose the dimensions of a boom that

has "far surpassed anyone's anticipations, to put it mildly."

Still, it is Wind's accounts of the game's great players, matches and institutions that make these pieces so interesting, for he is an uncannily observant reporter who brings off that rare journalistic feat: to his loyal readers, his stories about events are as fascinating and noteworthy as the events themselves. He seems to see and record everything, without indulging in fussiness of detail, and no one is better at re-creating the atmosphere of an event. Here is his description of the crowd at Wimbledon in 1968:

"It is not a true cross-section of English society, few workmen being on hand, but it is quite an assortment nonetheless: regional tennis officials in their blazers and association ties, schoolgirls and schoolboys in their uniforms, middle-class matrons in their best millinery, shopgirls and clerks who have saved up for the occasion, a sprinkling of long-legged 'birds' in miniskirts, lots of county types, and, in large numbers, the silvered and the grizzled—folks who haven't missed a Wimbledon since the Relief of Mafeking."

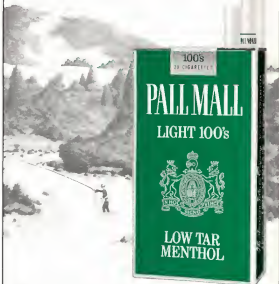
Wind is also extremely good at quick, penetrating portraits of celebrated players. Recalling Pancho Gonzales during his years as kingpin of the vagabond professional tour, Wind writes: "Saturnine and disputatious, an unrepentant loner, this tall, graceful man who moved like a panther seemed forever to have a chip on his shoulder. When the galleries roared for his opponents (galleries invariably attach themselves to the underdog), Gonzales seemed almost to welcome it, as if to say, 'Who needs you?' During his reign, he didn't change an iota." On Arthur Ashe, "... Ashe is not only a marvelous tennis player but a man of unusual intelligence, articulateness, and width of view. He knows his own mind clearly, and it is his credo that he has the right to lead his own life and establish his own priorities."

It is interesting, and instructive, that the two players Wind seems most to admire are Ken Rosewall and the late Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman. What he has written of Mrs. Wightman describes his feelings about both of those players and all others whom he holds in high regard: "As much as any tennis player I know of, she epitomized the ethic that an athlete can be fiercely competitive and at the same time, through instinct and character, perform with authentic sportsmanship."

Those are, of course, old-fashioned virtues that stand in unflattering contrast to the behavior of so many of the stars who now dominate the game. Readers who are amused by the tantrums of Jimmy Connors and the Nietzsche will find little sympathy in these pages. Those readers may think Wind's traditionalism fuzzy and dated, because I share his point of view, I find it—like his book—wholly admirable. **END**

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1980 CHEVY CITATION

SCORECARD

Edited by JERRY KIRSHENBAUM

ON BALANCE, QUITE COMPETITIVE

Maybe it's time that Bowie Kuhn, who keeps saying the free-agent market is going to destroy baseball's competitive balance, took a look at the major league standings. Destroy competitive balance? The defending champion Yankees and Dodgers are down, traditional have-nots Montreal and Houston are up, and, of the four current division leaders, only Baltimore has ever won a pennant—and it last did so eight years ago. The Phillies, who added free agent Pete Rose after winning three straight divisional titles, are mired in fourth place. As Boston Red Sox Manager Don Zimmer notes, "The races are close all the way around, in both leagues."

Zimmer's assessment is borne out by the fact that with the season nearly two-thirds over, most clubs are within at least striking distance of .500. Indeed, only two teams, Oakland and Toronto, can be dismissed. Oakland has been decimated by the free-agent draft, but owner Charlie Finley's recent operation of that franchise is a bewilderingly special case; Baltimore and Minnesota, also stung by free-agent defections, are doing just fine. Toronto is a 2-year-old expansion club that has chosen to rely on young players. There is certainly nothing wrong with that but the *Toronto Star* suggested in a recent editorial that the Blue Jays might achieve respectability more quickly by also going after free agents.

That was the course followed by California and Texas, onetime weaklings that have become powerful largely by boldly fishing in free-agent waters, thereby increasing competitive balance. Nor have the two clubs necessarily overextended themselves in the process. Buzze Bavasi, California's executive vice-president, says that the acquisition of free agent Rod Carew has more than paid for itself in season-ticket sales.

Of course, it is still conceivable that, as Kuhn fears, one or two wealthy teams will wind up monopolizing talent. "You've got to wait a couple more years

to see," says Dodger President Peter O'Malley. "The dust hasn't settled." But many baseball men privately agree with Bavasi, who says cautiously of Kuhn's alarms on the subject, "It appears right now he may have been wrong."

FIE ON THE FEES

Last year the National Football League began considering a new rule that would have prohibited team owners from holding financial interest in franchises in other major team sports. Jay Moyer, the NFL's legal counsel, said, "Because we compete with the other leagues for the entertainment dollar, we feel that cross-ownership is a conflict. You don't see Ford people sitting on the board of General Motors, do you?" Lamar Hunt, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs and 90% of the North American Soccer League's Dallas Tornado, was understandably concerned. The proposed rule would have forced him to divest himself of one or the other of his holdings and he didn't like the idea. "I don't think soccer is a threat to the NFL," he said.

If Hunt was unhappy then, he was happier still when the NASL, contending that a prohibition against cross-ownership would violate antitrust laws, sued the NFL last fall in the U.S. District Court in New York. The court temporarily enjoined the NFL from adopting the rule, and the case is now heading for trial. As an owner in both leagues, Hunt finds himself on both sides of the suit. He says, "Somebody pointed out to me the other day that I can't lose. But I don't think it's funny. I'm paying 100% of $\frac{1}{4}$ of the NFL's legal costs and 90% of $\frac{1}{4}$ of the NASL's legal costs." In other words, he can't win, either.

BUSY MOLLY

Molly the Dolphin is cavorting this summer in the aquarium in Hull, Mass., but don't bother taking the kids to see her. The aquarium has been closed to the public since going broke a couple of years ago, and Molly is being prepared for two

projects as dramatic as they are hush-hush. If all goes according to plan, she will 1) track down and take pictures of the Loch Ness Monster and 2) help recover sunken treasure off the Florida Keys.

The Loch Ness quest is sponsored by the Boston-based Academy of Applied Science, which has made annual expeditions to the Scottish lake in hopes of photographing the strange creature long rumored to reside in its depths. Using strobes and high-speed film sensitive enough to record images in Loch Ness' cloudy waters from 40 feet away, the academy at first suspended sonar-triggered underwater cameras from a floating platform and programmed them to click when large objects passed. Concluding that this approach was too passive,



academy officials got the idea of outfitting dolphins with harnesses rigged with cameras and strobes and teaching them to target in on whatever creatures may lurk in Loch Ness. Trainers began turning Molly and another dolphin, Sammy, into shutterbugs, using turtles and scuba divers as photographic subjects.

The dolphins were originally scheduled to go to Scotland this summer. Plans were made to keep them in saltwater pens and to release them into Loch Ness for a few hours a day. A floating cage was to be used to move them from one spot to another. But six weeks ago Sammy died of unknown causes. The academy wants to use two dolphins and, because a new one will take time to train, the expedition probably will be postponed until next June.

Lest Molly grow bored in the meantime, negotiations were under way last week to send her to Florida to dive for sunken treasure. Dolphins can be trained to differentiate among metals, and a sal-

continued

vage company was interested in using Molly to comb the ocean bottom in search of muskets, cannonballs, silver and gold. Robert Borofsky, an academy spokesman, says, "Everybody knows that dolphins are intelligent, but we haven't even begun to explore the ways they can be used. They can do a lot more than just jump through hoops."

FEARLESS FEARS

Tom Fears, the former NFL pass-receiving great who later coached in the league, was visiting a Houston Oilers practice session the other day when the *San Angelo Standard-Times*'s Frank Rudnicki asked what he thought of the team. Far from being an idle kibitzer, Fears runs a talent-appraisal service that includes Houston among its clients. Considering that his analyses are supposedly confidential, he was strikingly candid.

Fears said that the Oilers' talent was, at best, average and that he was surprised they made the playoffs last season. He added that it was probably "emotions" that carried them to the AFC final, in which they lost to Pittsburgh. He also confided that his service, which is used by Green Bay and Washington as well as Houston, rates players on a scale of 0 to 9 and divides them into three groups: Gold Nuggets (the best), Blue Chippers (a middle category) and Greens (least capable). The only Oilers deemed to be Gold Nuggets were Quarterback Dan Pastorini, Wide Receiver Ken Burroughs, Linebacker Robert Brazile and Running Back Earl Campbell. Campbell scored a perfect 9. Fears credited this last Gold Nugget for much of the Oilers' success last year, saying, "Campbell's so good, he makes everybody look better." By contrast Pittsburgh had 19 Gold Nuggets—nine on the defensive team and everybody but Rocky Bleier on offense.

With a new, hopeful season soon to begin, Fears' downbeat analysis was hardly the sort of thing Houston Coach Bum Phillips wanted to hear. Concluded Bum: "Tom exercised very bad judgment in giving out this information."

ADVICE FOR THE DOG DAYS

Joggers whose dogs tag along with them may not realize it, but Fido runs a real risk of being overcome by heat. So says Dr. Robert Batchelor, president of the Maryland Veterinary Medical Association, who warns that while most cases of heatstroke in dogs are the result of confinement in closed cars and the like, the number of jogging-induced cases is on the increase.

The problem is that a dog will often loyally follow its master even in distress. Last summer Dr. Anne Rosin of the University of Georgia College of Veterinary Medicine treated a German shepherd and a Weimaraner for jogging heatstroke.

"The German shepherd made it because the owners recognized the symptoms and had immersed the dog in a cold bath before bringing it in," says Rosin. "But the owner of the Weimaraner allowed the dog to pant excessively for an hour before we saw it, and it died." Rosin notes that dogs don't perspire but deal with overheating by panting, which is not always efficient; in fact, at body temperatures of above 105°—normal temperature for a dog is between 100° and 102.5°—panting will only exacerbate the heat buildup.

"If your dog is overweight, old or out of shape, don't let it run with you in hot weather," Rosin advises. "If you do run with your dog, go early in the morning or in the evening. Make sure the animal gets lots of water. It needs more water than a person does. And when you're finished, spray the dog with a cold hose. After all, you'd enjoy a cold shower after a long run, and so would your dog." She adds that if the dog shows signs of heatstroke, the most important thing is to lower the animal's temperature, perhaps in an ice bath.

TO RUSSIA, WITHLOTHAR

The sports world first heard of Lothar Bock in 1977 when the West German promoter single-handedly delivered American TV rights to the 1980 Moscow Olympics to NBC for \$85 million. For that coup Bock earned a fee of \$1.8 million. Bock continues to hustle in the gray underworld between East and West. For example, he helped persuade the Soviet Union to open its Spartakiade to foreign athletes (page 18), then set about selling the TV rights.

The Spartakiade negotiations were a considerable test of Bock's wiles. NBC refused to buy the rights for fear of diluting the attraction of live TV from Russia in 1980. Neither ABC nor CBS was interested in putting on a program that would promote NBC's 1980 Moscow extravaganza. So Bock settled for a deal with Syndicast Services, Inc., the company that produced the Nixon-Frost in-

terviews. Syndicast lined up some 50 stations, which are airing 32 hours of the Spartakiade. Syndicast says the package produced \$2.2 million in ad revenues, but Bock admits, "We got considerably less than I figured."

Undaunted, Bock recently received the go-ahead from the International Olympic Committee to produce a series of televised cartoon and puppet shows starring a character named Homer the Lion. Bock gushes that the program, called *The Olym-Pets*, "will tell all the little children of the world about Olympic principles and good conditioning of the body and spirit." Bock also plans to stage 36 open-air rock concerts throughout the Soviet Union a month or so before the start of the '80 Olympics, an undertaking he believes will offer untold opportunities for TV packaging and Olympic merchandising. Of this scheme Bock enthuses, "It is huge! So huge I shiver over its size. It is unprecedented!" Unprecedented may also be the best word to describe that go-getting promoter Lothar Bock.

TOT'S SHOTS

Memphis businessman Ron Barassi plays a lot of racquetball and has also encouraged his son to take up the game, as a way of developing hand-eye coordination. "I'm not trying to push him to be a champion," Barassi says. "If he winds up preferring to play the violin or something, that's fine." In the meantime, when the International Racquetball Association held its national junior championships in Memphis, he consented to let his boy enter the 10-and-under division. Ron Jr. lost to 9-year-old Ed Bliss of Fort Lauderdale in the first round 21-3, 21-5. "I played good," Ron said afterward. Bliss agreed. He sportingly hit the ball to Ron as much as possible and conceded that at least a couple of his opponent's shots were too hot to handle. The violin may have to wait. But then, being just three years old, Ron still has time to make up his mind about such things.

THEY SAID IT

- Calvin Peete, after winning the Greater Milwaukee Open, his first PGA victory: "I was playing so good, it was like the hole kept getting in the way of my ball."
- Hank Greenwald, San Francisco Giant announcer: "If Houston and Montreal stay on top, it'll be the first time the National League playoffs take place entirely outside the United States."

END

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SHHHH! ALL'S QUIET IN OAKLAND

Especially between Kenny Stabler and Al Davis, who aren't speaking, but the Snake has silenced the discord created when he criticized several teammates **by RON REID**

Kenny Stabler, scriggly bearded and feisty, finished a krap session with the press one afternoon last week and strode onto the field at the Oakland Raiders' training camp in Santa Rosa, Calif. He took the snap from Center Dave Dalby, dropped back and scanned the coverage. Finding Morris Bradshaw free, he connected with him on a 50-yard scoring pass. The play was vintage Stabler, and the members of the Raiders' offense cheered, happily drinking it in.

For all of the above, it was a whole new ball game. Snake Stabler had refused to talk to the press most of last season, preferring not to discuss the fact that he rarely connected on any pass longer than 30 yards—to someone wearing a Raider jersey, that is. As recently as two weeks ago not many of Stabler's teammates were of a mood to cheer anything he did. Indeed, not only had Stabler failed to report to camp on schedule with the other Raiders, not only had he demanded to be traded, but he also had ripped a number of his teammates in print—Receivers Bradshaw and Cliff Branch because they dropped too many of his passes last season. Offensive Line—

Continued

Raider boss Davis watched as Stabler, his injured left arm apparently sound again, sweated through daily workouts in the "luxury chamber."



men Henry Lawrence and Mickey Marvin because they hadn't blocked well enough for Stabler on pass plays.

But controversy has long been more a Raider tradition than a disruptive force. Oakland has won with mavericks and malcontents, solid citizens and players just a fly pattern short of the slammer. So it is really no surprise that Stabler is working in harmony with his team these days and is likely to continue to do just that unless his bitter feud with Al Davis, the Raiders' managing general partner, reaches the point where Davis decides that Oakland isn't big enough for both of them.

With no trade apparently in the works, Stabler ended his one-week holdout on July 19, at the curfew hour of 11 p.m., when he drove his \$33,000 Porsche 928 into the parking lot of the El Rancho Tropicana Motel in Santa Rosa. He had bought the car the night before.

The next morning Stabler was unexpectedly cordial to sportswriters until Bob Padecky of *The Sacramento Bee* asked a question. Padecky had gone to Gulf Shores, Ala. last January to interview Stabler and had been detained by police after a key case containing cocaine was found under a fender of his rented car. The cops figured he'd been framed, and they released him. Stabler responded to Padecky's question with a quick verb and pronoun.

Once on the field, Stabler settled into the routine of two-a-days, with Davis

eyeing him closely. Stabler also applied himself dutifully to Oakland's new strength and conditioning program, hitting the weight machines after the morning practice and running around the field twice in the afternoon. The Snake's nocturnal regimen was also vintage Stabler. After team meetings broke up—at about 9:15 p.m.—he could be found with several of his teammates and one or another idolizing young lady in one or more of the half dozen Santa Rosa watering holes that comprise what the Raiders call "the circuit."

For Stabler, the Raiders' trip to Canton, Ohio for last Saturday's Hall of Fame game against Dallas was something of a junket, as he was still too rusty to participate. He played poker with Offensive Tackle John Vella, Tight End Raymond Chester, Linebacker Monte Johnson and Dalby on the flight east, and was on the sidelines as the Raiders beat the Cowboys 20-13.

Neither David Humm nor Jim Plunkett, Stabler's backups, particularly distinguished himself. Humm, playing the first half, completed six of 12 passes for 69 yards and led the Raiders to a 20-6 halftime advantage, but he overthrew open receivers on three occasions. In the second half Plunkett showed that his ailing arm is strong again but failed to put any points up.

On the field or off, every move Stabler makes is hot news in the Bay Area. Last season the Raiders stumbled to a

9-7 record and missed the playoffs for the first time since 1971. Unable to throw long passes because of a jammed left elbow and a split tendon in the ring finger of his left hand, southpaw Stabler was easy pickings for defensive backs; he was intercepted a career-high 30 times and threw only 16 touchdown passes, none of which went as far as 50 yards.

The Bay Area press, which was generally unaware of the severity of Stabler's ailments, was quick to attribute his sudden ineffectiveness to his carousing. Once Stabler began to read their stories, he clamored up.

"I always got along with the writers until last year," he said one day after practice. "It was just that they were questioning my life-style. Hell, my life-style hasn't changed in 20 years. It was all right when we won the Super Bowl, but then we lost some games, and all of a sudden I'm a fat drunk, out of shape, overweight and all that."

Stabler insists he doesn't intend to reform. "To be perfectly honest," he says, "I'm not going to change, because I don't know any other way I'm going to live the way I want to live. I don't think it distracts me from doing what I want to do during the season. People say, 'You can't do those things as you get older.' Well, if I can't, and it hurts my game, I'll get out. But I'm not going to let football control my entire life. I play and I work as hard as I can, and in the off-season I do the things I like to do. That's not going to change."

Shortly after the quarterback tuned out the press, the Davis-Stabler feud erupted. Davis made a remark that he claims was intended as an observation, not an indictment. "Our whole team isn't playing well this year," he said. "We're like a baseball team whose star pitcher has gone from a 25-and-4 record to 18-and-7." Later, asked who was to blame for the Raiders' decline, Davis said, "If you've got to find someone to blame, then blame Stabler. He makes the most money, and he's paid to take that kind of pressure."

While Davis was blaming Stabler, others said Davis was at least equally responsible for the Raiders' downfall, citing questionable moves that had robbed the team of a number of high draft choices for several seasons. Stabler thought Davis' comments about him smacked of a cheap shot. They have not talked since, and Stabler spent the off-season issuing



Lawrence regarded Stabler's trade as free publicity. Unsworth told Stabler to cool the trade-wise talk.



Charles Philyaw (77) blocked a field goal to set up the decisive score in Oakland's win over Dallas

PHOTOGRAPH BY HENZ BLUTMEIER

thing that's important. I don't have to have one with him."

Says Davis, "It's disappointing, because I know down the road he's going to need help in life. He's a loner. He went through this same thing with Bear [Bryant] and made up. I've had this problem with him before, and we've made up. Right now I'm only interested in one thing—how he plays. Our only legacy is whether we win or lose. You can say we're glad he's here, and we hope he plays like the premier NFL quarterback he says he is."

As for Stahler's caustic criticism of various teammates in a widely publicized pre-training-camp story, those named seem to have forgotten and forgiven. Says Lawrence, the tackle whose pass blocking didn't meet Stahler's exacting standards, "The man gave his own honest opinion of what was right and what was wrong here last season, and everyone is entitled to an opinion. Although his opinion of me was negative, I'm a team man. There were a lot of things I could have done better, the same as some other players, but I'm too mature to dwell on what happened. I'm going to stand tall and carry the burden, if it is one."

Lawrence also sees a positive side to Stahler's criticism of his blocking. "It really puts me in a pretty good spot," he says. "Now people know who's playing right tackle for Oakland. Maybe now I'll get some of those votes for the All-Pro team."

Branch also insists there is no bad blood. "The relationship between Kenny and me has always been there, and no criticism is going to affect it," he says.

Guard Gene Upshaw, one of Oakland's senior citizens, escaped Stahler's wrath, but he had a few words of unvarnished advice for Stahler when the quarterback reported to camp. "I told him, 'I don't want to hear no more crap about being traded.'" Upshaw said, "We like him, he likes us, we're all in it together—and he knows that. There's no resentment about the things he said. They were things Kenny honestly felt, and he wouldn't be the competitor he is if he didn't react."

"I'll tell you, though, I'd like to be Al Davis' and Kenny Stahler's press agent. There's been nothing else in the papers for months. That's all you heard. I called my bank the other day and even they asked me about Kenny."

END

"trade me or else" ultimatums from his home in Alabama.

Unfortunately for Stahler, so far no other NFL team believes that a 33-year-old, \$342,000-a-year quarterback with a bad knee and a questionable arm is worth the price Davis has put on him: two front-line players and two first-round draft picks. So Stahler is likely to remain with the Raiders, although that doesn't mean he has to converse with Davis.

"I think if you have a beef with a guy," Stahler says, "you should call him into a room and sit down and look him in the eye and just tell him I don't think it should be done with over-the-shoulder

remarks to the media or stuff like comparing me to a baseball pitcher. He says I get paid to take the criticism, but I don't think it has to be done in the press."

"Somewhere along the line they always ask for loyalty from the players. Why can't a player ask for some loyalty from management? When you win you hear how it always starts at the top—good team, good management, good organization. It's possible that losing starts there, too, but you never hear about that. I just think it could have been handled a little better. But it won't affect the way I play the game. I have a great relationship with the players, and that's the only

TOO BAD HE CAN'T BE NAMED SPECTACULAR BID

It's taken, but no appellation could be apter for the yearling that was auctioned off for a record \$1.6 million at the Keeneland sales **by WILLIAM NACK**

In the crescent-shaped sales pavilion of the Keeneland Race Course at Lexington, Ky., auctioneer Tom Caldwell fingered his gavel. Into the sales ring below came a stylish-looking yearling colt—a son of the fine stallion Hoist the Flag from the broodmare Royal Dowry. The colt gazed at the hundreds of American and foreign breeders gathered before him, lifting his head and looking quite pleased with himself. His handler leading, he turned in slow circles in the ring, as if modeling his gorgeous seal-brown coat, buffed to a shine for the occasion. He pricked his ears as Caldwell went into his spiel. Right off, the auctioneer asked for \$200,000.

"Gimme 200 to start . . . 200 . . . 200! Now 250 . . . 250 . . . 250! 250! Now 300 . . . 300! 350 . . . 350! Now 400 . . . 400 . . . 400! Now 450 . . . 500 . . . 550! . . . 600! . . . 700!"

The gallery was buzzing. Breeder Tom Gentry sat in the audience, clapping his hands, his eyes growing wider as the numbers mounted. He had bred the colt and had expected perhaps \$600,000 for him, tops. But the price had gone beyond that in less than a minute and was soaring toward \$1 million.

Gentry was wearing a flamboyant plaid sports coat—a street map of royal blues and flaming reds and greens—and he was drawing as much attention as the colt he was selling. Bouncing in his seat, he threw his right fist in the air, for the bidding had developed into a duel, one of many that were making last week's Keeneland yearling sale the richest in history. It is traditionally the market for the most attractive and royally bred yearlings in the world, and it had been setting records almost from the start on July 23, the day before, when two million-dollar yearlings were gavelled down. By the next night the numbers had grown so outrageous that many prospective buyers were shut out. "I

can't even get my hand up," New York trainer Joe Cantey complained.

And of all the yearlings offered, none was fought over like the son of Hoist the Flag, the Kentucky Derby favorite in 1971 until he shattered a hind leg in a training accident.

As the price neared \$1 million, only two bidding groups remained. One consisted of Kazuo Nakamura and Yorozu Sugawara of Japan. The syndicate of Robert Sangster, the British soccer-pool mogul, was matching the Japanese bid for bid. Urged on by bid-spitter J. L. (Jay) Teater, Sangster's agent, Tom Cooper, had gone to \$950,000. Now spotter Vernon Martin was holding up one finger, beseeching Nakamura for more. Nakamura nodded.

"One million!" bellowed Caldwell. The price board flashed the figure and applause rippled through the pavilion. "Good God almighty!" said Gentry.

Caldwell's chant went on, asking for, and getting, \$1,050,000. And so it went, on up to \$1.5 million. The Hoist the Flag colt had tied the world record set three years ago when a son of Secretariat, Canadian Bound, brought \$1.5 million at Keeneland. (He has never won a race.) Caldwell asked for more: "Anything from here on out, as long as it's a yes, will break the record," he shouted.

Although one member of the Japanese contingent shook his head, Nakamura overruled him with a nod to bring the bidding to a end.

"A million 600, yes!" cried Caldwell. Thus the Hoist the Flag colt was knocked down for \$1,600,000. "What about a round of applause," Caldwell said, "for the most expensive yearling ever sold at auction."

The sale helped Keeneland set additional records. On the first day 153 yearlings fetched \$23,374,000, for an average of \$152,771. Sangster, the biggest plunger, as he had been a year ago, bought two



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM STRODE

million-dollar yearlings that day. Bidding against another Japanese contingent, he picked up a son of Nijinsky II, out of a full sister to Secretariat, for \$1.4 million. And he paid \$1 million for a son of Northern Dancer. On the second and final day the average sale price was \$158,382.

The grand totals were staggering: 305 yearlings sold for a record \$47,448,000, an average of \$155,567 per baby racehorse. Last year 350 yearlings went for \$42,579,000, an average of \$121,654. Now was the Hoist the Flag colt the only yearling to go for a world-record sum. On Wednesday, in a dispersal at the Kentucky Horse Center in Lexington, Nelson Bunker Hunt sold a daughter of the 1976 Kentucky Derby and Belmont winner Bold Forbes, out of Goofed, for \$1,450,000, beating the record for a yearling filly set the day before at Keeneland. Sangster had bought that one, a daughter of 1973 Triple Crown winner Secretariat, out of My Chatter, the dam of 1977 Triple Crown winner Seattle Slew, for \$750,000.

It was an extraordinary week for the thoroughbred industry and the city of Lexington. The world's most prominent horsemen and breeders and the wealthiest owners crowded the town's inns and hotels; they parried; they studied catalogs; they checked out every ankle and

SOLD
1 600 000



Auctioneer Caldwell knocked down the record-breaking yearling: Hip No. 245 to the Japanese.

fetlock, some belonging to horses; they drink in Tom Caldwell's mesmeric hints of great things to come from the horse-flesh he was peddling.

There were French and English horsemen, Swiss and Irish, breeders up from the Bahamas and down from the Dominion and around from Down Under. And there were the Japanese, with their yen for American bloodstock and the yen to back it up. The most visible American consignor, greeting all visitors in his garish plaid outfits and handing out whiskey and trinkets, was the 42-year-old Gentry, who has been regarded as something of a maverick by the Kentucky breeding establishment.

When Gentry started selling yearlings, he angered fellow hardboots one cold November day by setting up a silver coffee urn outside his shed, manning it with two workers—one had CREAM stitched on his back, the other SUGAR—and promptly became the most popular consignor on the grounds. At starchy old Keeneland, such a gimmick was like desecrating the flag. When other breeders complained to the management, Gentry was so chagrined he put the urn away. The next day the president of Keeneland, Louis Lee Haggin II, came around looking for a cup of coffee. When Gentry reported what had happened, Haggin told

him, "Get that thing back up. That's a hell of an idea."

Gentry the promoter was launched. "I wanted to sell horses," he says, "but I wanted to put some fun into it. I had to do something different." So he started giving gifts to buyers visiting his barn. On the Sunday before the sale he gave away 120 bags full of miniature whiskey bottles—"Kentucky is dry on Sundays," Gentry noted—and heaped walking sticks, pens, lighters and hats upon prospective customers.

Nakamura and Sugawara, with a Japanese agent at their side, came by one morning. Gentry knows only two words in Japanese—ohayo, which sounds like Ohio and means good-morning, and arigato, which means thank you—but two are quite enough.

Gentry threw up his arms. "Ohayo!" he exclaimed. Delighted, the Japanese grinned and dipped their heads. He gave them pens and a walking stick and a lighter. "You must have refreshments," he said. They thanked him very much.

"Bring out the Derby winner!" Gentry cried. "The big horse. Three champions in the first two dams, Hip 245." Handler Bronell Bolton, wearing a football jersey with the lettering ORELANDING COLT: 245, brought forth the Horse the Flag yearling.

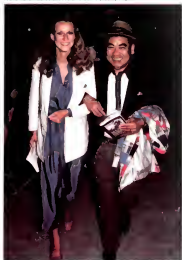
"Here he is, gentlemen," Gentry said. The Japanese circled the colt, reading the pedigree in the sales catalogue and looking him carefully up and down. Then they watched him walk. Nakamura was identified to Gentry as a prominent breeder and trainer, Sugawara as the founder and sole owner of one of the biggest land-development firms in northern Honshu. They didn't let on how much they liked the colt. When they left, Gentry bowed, and in his distinctive Kentucky twang said, "Arigato! Arigato!"

In the pavilion, as Caldwell's gavel sounded the million sale, Gentry kissed his wife, Kathy, leaped to his feet and took the stairs two steps at a time up to where Kazuo Nakamura was sitting. He whipped off his plaid jacket and handed it to Nakamura. The gallery roared.

Later, at a party in his tack room, Gentry parted with a pair of equally outrageous plaid pants. Nakamura slipped them over his trousers. He was all in plaid now, dancing a disco to applause. Gentry ended the evening with a small speech, translated by a Japanese agent. "I want to wish Mr. Nakamura and Mr. Sugawara all the very best luck with their horse, and I hope he turns out to be a bargain. In closing, I want to say just one more thing." He thrust his arms into the air. "Arigato!" he cried.

END

Nakamura has colt, cool and comely company.





The dazzling opening ceremony featured flash-card stunts, massed teams, tableaux vivants and Mishka the bear, the official mascot of the 1980 Olympics

RAISING THE CURTAIN ON MOSCOW

The Soviet Union transformed its Spartakiade into a dress rehearsal for the 1980 Olympic Games, and despite a hitch or two, it was evident that the stage is being set for a very professional show **by KENNY MOORE**

Moscow bristles with scaffolding. Its symbolic torch is not the gas flame floating above Vladimir Ilyich Lenin Stadium, but the welder's arc winking brightly ultraviolet out of cavernous unfinished buildings. Like a host carefully vacuuming before company comes, the great city proceeds down its checklist of improvements to display during the 1980 Olympic Games. That event looms as a watershed in Soviet history, a propagan-

da coup to be sure, but also an occasion for this rigid government and passionately enduring people to lift themselves from their traditional insularity to a new, self-confident civility; if not to the dissenters among them, then to visitors. There are signs they mean to try.

For one, it is now no more difficult to pass customs in Moscow than in New York. U.S. coaches and athletes happily discovered that as they arrived for the

Soviet Union's seventh Spartakiade That is the name of the nationwide sports festival in which more than 100 million people take part in the earliest preliminary rounds, the 10,000 best advancing through championships in their cities, regions and Soviet republics before reaching the finals, most of which are held quadrennially in Moscow, a year before the Olympics. All Olympic disciplines are contested, plus the Soviet favorites sam-

continued



Glympian internationalism marked the 100 meter dash, in which Silvio Leonard of Cuba (245) ripped Houston McTear of the U.S. (67) and countryman Osvaldo Lara (149)





There's a honey touch for Americans in Moscow

SPARTAKIADE *continued*

bo (a mixture of karate and wrestling), modern gymnastics (an interpretive set of events, some with jump ropes, balls, hoops and ribbons) and chess, as well as tennis.

The word Spartakiade—combining Sparta, the ancient Greek city, with an Olympic-sounding ending and pronounced spar-tak-i-ad—sums up the rigorous and preparatory intent of Soviet training. "We must keep raising the international class of our sport," Leonid Brezhnev wrote in a message appearing in the Spartakiade program. "But the main thing is the mass character of our sport, the development of physical culture, encompassing all our youth . . . physical training of young men and women for labor and defense."

Because Olympic preparations were well along, this year the Soviet Union invited 80 countries to send 2,500 athletes to join in the Spartakiade finals and so have a chance to test the facilities and the Moscow atmosphere. Not all nations were welcome: New Zealand and Israel were pointed exclusions—New Zealand for its old rugby ties with South Africa, Israel for being Israel—a move the Soviets got away with because these games are run by a committee separate from the Soviet Olympic organization com-



①



②

In the Three Day Event Yuri Selyukov a horse 1) balked at the water crossing 2) bellyflopped and 3) then bobbed up sans injury or rider

mittee, which has promised entry next year to all countries in good standing with the International Olympic Committee.

Still, the prospects for solid competition seemed good until East Germany unexpectedly sent word it would concentrate on its own swimming championships, and in track chose to prepare for the European Cup Aug. 4 in Turin. Romania sent a steeplechaser but no Comaneci. As the U.S. brought none of its best women gymnasts, the finals became a showcase for the tiny bits of nerve and sinew and hair ribbon who will captivate the world next year for the greater glory of Mother Russia.

The world might not recognize Montreal gold medalist Nellie Kim, who has recently married and appears far more muscular with maturity. In the overall

competition Kim hit her usual rock-solid landing in the vault for a near-perfect 9.9, but dropped unexpectedly from the balance beam and concluded her free-exercise routine by falling after a double back-somersault. Then Kim's Byelorussian teammate, Tatiana Arzhanikova, who in the free exercise played to the crowd with exuberant smiles of self-promotion, got up on the beam and fell right off, handing the gold medal to Natalia Shaposhnikova.

The 18-year-old Shaposhnikova would look a dreamy waif in any group of 12-year-old schoolgirls and appeared to love strutting her stuff, but after she descended from the victory stand her heavy-lidded brown eyes seemed to express an underlying sadness. She was a reminder that gymnastics is the most authoritarian of all sports. Because the judges are law, subjective differences in scoring, or even blatant prejudice, cannot be countered, as in other sports, with reference to ob-



cantabrian



Umaru Saydi of Guinea hadn't competed in the steeplechase before, which became obvious

jective heights, distances, times. Moreover, the Soviet coaches behave in loco parentis, assuming the bossiness of large adults over small children. Yet an 18-year-old world-class athlete is not a child, as much as it might enhance her appeal to seem so. The resignation in Shaposhnikova's eyes appeared to be an acknowledgment of her art's harsh requirements and, one hopes, a veiled intention to wait them out.

The U.S. fared best on the track during the Spartakiade's first week, after its slender but spirited team regrouped from a series of visa foul-ups, delayed flights and changed minds that meant luminaries such as hurdler Edwin Moses, pole vaulter Mike Tully and miler Steve Scott would not be in Moscow. Discus thrower John Powell won the first U.S. gold on the fifth day of the meet, which was run on the Olympic nine-day schedule, hitting 206' 10 1/2" on his final throw. Ten

Continued



Henry Marsh (824) sailed off the final steeplechase barrier and past Lisonvsky (439) and Cipu (642) to win, but fellow American Bart Williams dropped at the last of the intermediate hurdles



SPARTAKIADE continued

minutes later Wardell Gilbreath and Don Coleman went one, two in the 200, Gilbreath winning in 20.84; and the contingent of U.S. athletes in the stands sang *The Star-Spangled Banner* "like the Tabernacle choir," said Stan Vinson, who later that day had it sung for him after winning the 400 in 45.70.

What turned out to be a glorious day had begun far less auspiciously for the two 200 sprinters. Along with Olympic long-jump silver medalist Kathy McMillan, they had been unnerved when, finding that the stadium bus had already departed from their hotel, they were shunned by Moscow's taxi drivers.

"We must have tried 10 cabs," said Coleman, who is also a wide receiver for the University of Oregon. "They all said *nyet* and took off to pick up some Japanese or Indians." Team manager Bob Newland finally got an Intourist car for the three athletes, but no explanation. "They had U.S.A. uniforms and they were black," said Newland, "so you'd imagine the problem was one of those facts, but no one else seems to have been hassled." Perhaps the incident was an illustration of the wildly alternating extremes in Soviet deportment. Taxi drivers in thoughtful repose, playing chess, on the back fender one minute, are capable the next of producing "a cataclysmic contraction state of paralysis," said Assistant Track and Field Coach Jim Santos shortly after he left one cab. "That man had no regard for his life, my life or the pedestrians," said Santos. "Twenty yards from a stop light and crosswalk jammed with three rows of people, we were going 60 mph and the driver was making change, dollars to rubles. Pass the Valium."

The Spartakiade events that seemed to presage Olympic results were the 5,000 and 10,000, both won by Miruts Yifter of Ethiopia, who has finally fixed his age at 35. As lithe as ever, he outkicked teammate Johannes Mohamad in the 5,000, finishing in 13:20.8 with a skeletal grimace. Five days earlier his 27:44.2 gave him a 3.2-second win over Aleksandr Antipov of the U.S.S.R. in the 10,000.

The Soviets were not always runners-up, however. Marina Makeyeva improved the world record in the 400-meter hurdles from 54.89 to 54.78, and Maria Kulchunova from the Kirghiz Republic on the Chinese border became only the third woman to break 50 flat in the 400, with a 49.77.

The 3,000-meter steeplechase is a tra-
continued

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ditional Russian labor, and the depth of the field at the Spartakiade was far superior to anything ever seen in the U.S. Invading this lair was Henry Marsh, a law student at Oregon and one of but four AAU champions on the U.S. men's team. Marsh tucked into the back of a jostling pack that didn't stirring out until little Vladimir Lisovsky shot ahead with a kilometer to go. Down the last backstretch Marsh was third, behind the Russian and Paul Copu of Romania, who had beaten Marsh by a tenth of a second in Stockholm three weeks before. Marsh got a yard closer with his last water jump and another yard over the final hurdle, charging hard up the inside, past Lisovsky, then past the staggering Copu with a bare 20 yards to go. He won in 28.10.

The victory was dramatic in itself and was lent an austere touch by the organizers, who waited until the crowd had left to award Marsh his medal. He received it in the echoing cold space of the great stadium. The Star-Spangled Banner playing only for him, the flame and the Red Army. "It sent chills up my spine," said Marsh, who now has a blue-ink print, locked in memory, of how to do it again in a year. So have the U.S. men's teams that on Sunday, the final day of track and field events, swept the relays. In the 400 and 800, it was anchor man Coleman coming from behind to defeat Soviet teams (in 39.33 and 1:22.0), while in the 1,600 anchor man Vinson was handed such a comfortable margin that he kept turning his head to see if anyone was gaining on him. He crossed the finish line on the rain-swept track in a slow 3:03.7 for the seventh U.S. gold medal.

In fact, such mapping of the routes to Olympic gold was a large part of the U.S. mission. Though the track team was less than a third of the number that will compete in the Olympics, the full coaching and managing staff was in Moscow to study and plan. "You get here and see the differences in food, transport, organization and culture, and you realize the enormous amount of work we have to do," said Head Track Coach Jimmy Carnes. Indeed, the Russian idea of luxury hors d'oeuvre—sliced tongue and green peaches the size of walnuts—did not beguile many American palates, nor did a two-mile walk to Lenin Stadium after being locked in a bus. "We ran into an army column," said Distance Coach Stan Huntsman, "and that obviously had priority, so we had to go back. Then we

came to another bus stuck in the mud. Our driver went to help, and when he closed the door we couldn't get out. When he finally came back, we escaped and walked in."

Once on the field, confusion didn't exactly evaporate. "Getting used to the procedures is the biggest thing," said Santos. "In the States you warm up until your event is called. Here you have to be held in the control room for up to half an hour. You can warm up all you want, but you can't keep it sitting around. We're also making a list of things to bring to make life a little easier, like soap and towels and cushions for the hard stadium seats, and toilet paper." The press, too, complained of, as the British put it, "nappy rash," as well as a prurency of lane assignment and results sheets in the pressroom. The complaints had a certain symmetry to them, as one noticed in the press room lavatories, where the toilet paper, placed in a little plastic bucket beside each commode, consisted of assignment and result sheets torn in half.

An intangible element for which it is difficult to plan is the strangeness of Moscow. The lack of meaning of the Cyrillic alphabet to Western eyes, the lines of pushing people rushing through ill-stocked stores, the omnipresent brown-clad soldiery create in the fresh arrival a feeling of remoteness. An athlete's only contact with Soviet citizens may be the time he or she is accosted to illegally exchange dollars for rubles. One feels for Lenin, who surely had not meant that in the evolution of a state built on dialectical materialism everyone would want to buy your pants.

Yet all these differences and difficulties were met with humor and hope by U.S. officials. "Every problem we've had has been a result of poor communication," said Newland. "Not knowing where to go, who to talk to. Once you find the right people, they are wonderfully helpful and cordial. When they get the city refurbished it ought to be something to see, and if you bring your own plug for the washbasin, you'll get by."

Reason for optimism was found at the newly completed Olympic Village, 15 minutes southwest of the Lenin Stadium. There stand 18 apartment buildings, each 16 stories high, to provide room for 15,000 athletes and coaches, although no more than 12,000 are expected. Unlike Montreal, where eight and 10 were crammed into a room, the Soviet Village

is divided into homey apartments of two or three bedrooms, two to a room, and 15% contain beds 7' 6" long. Newland and Carnes were immensely relieved, saying the neatly wallpapered apartments with herringbone parquet wood floors and cabinets and furniture of Scandinavian design were the most attractive rooms they had seen in all of Moscow.

At no time did the Olympics seem more imminent than at the Spartakiade opening ceremony. Though crowds would be inexplicably sparse at the later competitions, 100,000 Muscovites, with their love of circus, packed into the stadium to watch two hours of heroic show, beginning when 400 red-clad men carrying 15-foot red flags ran around in streams like an exotic dramatization of blood chemistry, finally mashing themselves into a ball in the center of the field. There they stayed while children released balloons, the teams from the Soviet republics and foreign nations marched in, and a card section that might well surpass UCLA's flashed welcomes and portraits of Brezhnev and an atom bomb explosion with a yellow cross over it to signify its banning, then *mir*, the Russian word for peace. Following that, 1972 Olympic sprints champion Valery Borzov came in carrying a torch, and 1978 European 200-meter champion Lyudmila Kondratyeva arrived with another one, and they ascended to the lip of the stadium where the great flame was lit by a child. Then there was celebration: bells, rippling crimson cards and a deep-throated Russian hymn that shook you, though whether because of its stirring cadence or its volume was hard to know. There were dances; children's gymnastics; charming mock soccer games, family relays with tents, bicycles and baby carriages. On and on it went, trampoline acts and balancing acts; platforms of green-clad gymnasts forming statuary and fountains, writhing in time with strange, minor-key piano music. Toward the end the rain came, and the lights blazed on, and above it all, 50 yards high, in cards, was Lenin, his profile unsmiling as clouds of doves beat above him. Lord, they mean to try! The feeling approaches a certainty. The Olympics next year will not be an unmitigated ordeal for Western entrants and visitors. Rather, it will be a heated mixing of customs and tastes and cultures. It will be the Olympics as usual, but next year that yeasty brew may do more good for the world than any Olympics ever.

END

Not long ago, after yet another record-breaking performance by Larry Pacifico, several of his opponents sat around a table in St. Louis and tried to assess his effect on them and on the sport of powerlifting. Several beers and much talk later, one of them said, "The man is so damn good it's depressing." The table agreed that was close to the bone.

Other friends and opponents feel the same way. Consider the following conversation between a U.S. television executive and Ray Noble, a 220-pounder from Scotland, which took place last November in Turku, Finland, before the world championships.

TV executive: "In the interview we'll ask you, 'What's your main ambition in lifting?' And you'll answer, 'To beat Larry Pacifico.'"

Noble: "Och, but ah canna' beat that Pacifico."

TV executive: "Hey, this is just for TV. Just say that's your ambition."

Noble: "Ma main ambition is to no make a great fool of meself."

TV executive: "Look, just say it sort of jokingly."

Noble: "Ay, it'll be a joke, all right, when ah say it and then he thrashes the arse off me."

TV executive: Silence.

Noble: "Will this thing be seen in Scotland?"

TV executive: "No, only in the U.S. and Canada."

Noble: "Well, let's get on with it then, though ah still feel a bloody fool."

Rarely in the history of athletics has one man dominated his sport the way Pacifico dominates powerlifting. Undefeated for 10 years, he has won world championships in three different weight classes—twice at 198 pounds, four times at 220 and twice at 242—and those most knowl-

edgeable in the sport say he's the best there's ever been in each of the three.

Pacifico's personal best at 198 (a total of 1,935 pounds, made up of a squat of 685, a bench press of 530 and a deadlift of 720) and his best at 242 (a total of 2,080 pounds, with a 750, 590 and 740) would have been good enough to win those divisions at Turku. As it was, he triumphed again in the 200-pound class, winning a world title for the eighth straight time.

In his 13 years of competitive powerlifting Pacifico has participated in 58 contests and has broken far more records in his sport than any other man—at last count he had lifted more than anyone of his weight in the world no fewer than 53 times. As remarkable as this is, however, it falls short of the lifting accomplishments of the Russian detrad-nought, Vasily Alexeyev, who has 82 world records to his credit. Bear in mind that Alexeyev, an Olympic lifter, does not compete in powerlifting championships, as Pacifico does, and vice versa. The two have never lifted directly against each other.

In fairness to Pacifico, it should be pointed out that Alexeyev's record-breaking pattern involves adding only a pound or so to his best previous lift, a policy designed both to maximize the publicity accruing to the Soviet Union whenever their superheavy superhero sets a new world record, and to satisfy Alexeyev's private ambition to establish 100 world records before he retires.

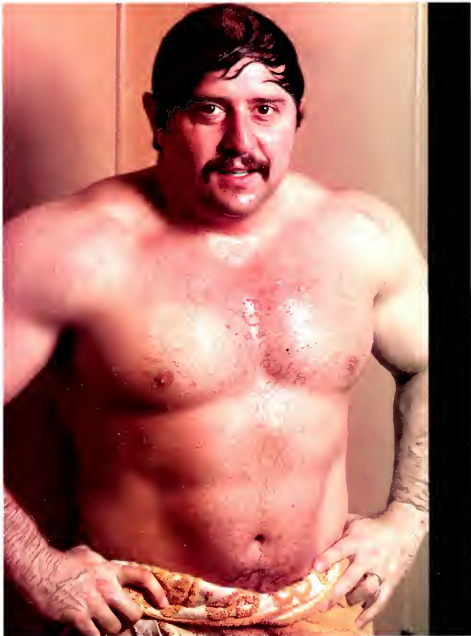
Had Pacifico concentrated so single-mindedly on records, he would no doubt have equaled or exceeded Alexeyev's record total by now. But Pacifico's style and politics are such that his aim is totally personal and quite different. Simply stated, his intention is to lift the maximum poundage of which his mind and body

continued

LONG LIFT THE KING

Larry Pacifico is the world's No. 1 powerlifter. He's as peaceable as his name implies, but strong men pale when they have to face him

by TERRY TODD



are capable every time he competes, regardless of the record. For example, in Finland, on his third attempt in the squat, he took a weight 20 pounds over the world record, rather than a mere 1.1 pounds (for a half kilo), the minimum amount by which a record in either Olympic lifting or powerlifting must be broken. The huge jump was to 804 pounds, and he stood back up with the weight, though only one of the three officials felt he had gone deeply enough into the squat to receive credit for the lift—one shot of the majority needed to achieve a record.

On the other hand, in fairness to Alexeyev, Olympic lifting is more widely practiced around the world than powerlifting and has a longer history, which means that world records are harder to come by for the big Russian than they are for Pacifico, who has not only a relatively new, wide-open sport at his disposal, but the added advantage of access to three body-weight divisions.

In any case, it is fascinating to consider their respective careers. Alexeyev won his first world title in 1970, Pacifico his first in 1971, and since then they have both been not only unbeatable but also have shared that most elusive of athletic achievements, consistency over a substantial period of time. They have dominated this decade. Only in the past year or so have their extraordinary bodies begun to show any sign of vulnerability.

Last August at the National Powerlifting Championships in Los Angeles, Pacifico suffered a torn pectoral muscle on his first bench press and, for the first time in his career, was forced to withdraw from competition. Two months later at the World Olympic Lifting Championships in Gettysburg, Pa., Alexeyev's string of eight world titles was snapped, as was a tendon in his hip, when he failed to complete his opening attempt in the clean and jerk and could not continue. Pacifico was able to return to competition in Finland in the fall, but the full extent of Alexeyev's injury has been a matter of concerned speculation in the West. It is to be hoped that the hip has healed and that his back will last through this year and the Moscow Games in 1980. Both Pacifico and Alexeyev are striving for a grand total of 10 world titles lifetime, but at 33, with a basically sound body, Pacifico must be given a better chance to pull it off than the 37-year-old, more seriously injured Alexeyev.



One of the reasons why Pacifico was able to add to his series of world championships in Finland has a good deal to do with the only thing about him that is probably more developed than his deltoids—his competitive drive. Only a person for whom winning filled a certain profound emptiness would continue year after year to subject his body and mind to the rigors of international competition in a sport in which the only significant financial rewards end up in the pockets of the barbell companies, the health-food stores and the pharmaceutical houses. Or would find himself the centerpiece of episodes like the following, in Turku.

After Pacifico had won his class, he and a friend went upstairs to a bar in the Hattari Hotel complex where the competition was held, to wind down with a few half-liter mugs of cold Finnish beer. The Finns are noted for their love of strong drink, and as Pacifico and his friend sipped their beer, they noticed at the next table a group of Swedes who evidently had it in mind to outdrink even the Finns. Though Pacifico's back was to them, it wasn't long before the revelers were taking verbal notice of his outfit. This consisted of a black football shirt, red couch's shorts and what looked like



platform thongs, and even Pacifico's friend felt the getup was a little out of place in Finland in November.

"She's so pretty!" one Swede said. "Such legs!" His tablemates broke into laughter and whistles.

"Those feet," said a second, "and those tight little pants!" More hooting. Pacifico's friend foresaw trouble.

Sure enough, the man closest to the table reached over to touch Pacifico's shoulder and said, with a wink at his friends, "I fall in love with you. Do you understand the phrase 'fall in love'?" At this, Pacifico slowly removed his glasses, turned his badlands relief map of a body around, placed his 20-inch arms on the Swedes' table and said quietly but distinctly, "Do you understand the phrase 'stack the furniture'?" It turned out that they did and suddenly recalled urgent business elsewhere.

Michael and Becky, Pacifico's stepchildren, ethnically do him proud at lifting and gymnastics. And vice versa: as Pacifico racks up another title at the Heart of America meet in St. Louis

This capacity to chill half-drunk troublemakers was not come by easily. Larry Pacifico was an undersized 12-year-old suffering from the aftereffects of a severe attack of rheumatic fever when his father, a master sergeant in the Air Force, gave him a set of expanders and a homemade cement barbell. Though crude, these implements seemed to satisfy both his young body and his mind, and he worked out off and on throughout his junior high and high school years, interspersing his workouts with participation in a variety of sports.

Perhaps because it was his dad's favorite, baseball was Pacifico's first love, and his play in centerfield was so outstanding in Little League ball that Master Sergeant Pacifico dreamed the father's dream of a son in the big leagues. But though the young Pacifico continued to grow horizontally, his vertical growth stopped at 5½ feet, and, realistically, he turned, in high school, to the individual sports of gymnastics and track and field, lonely passions more suited than baseball to a self-starter of 5' 6".

He excelled in those sports as well, competing for the Rome (N.Y.) Free Academy, winning the New York state championships on the still rings and achieving several noteworthy marks in track and field. He put the shot 57 feet and threw the discus 164 feet—although he weighed only 165 pounds. His long jump was 22' 5", his high jump 5' 11", and he ran the 100 in 10 flat. But following high school he began to concentrate on lifting.

He went from strength to strength as he increased the length and intensity of his training sessions. Powerlifting had

really taken hold in the U.S. and Great Britain by the early 1960s and championships were beginning to be staged at the national level. As Pacifico's power increased, his friends urged him to enter a local meet. He had moved by then to Dayton, and in April of 1966 he lifted in his first contest. He participated as a light heavyweight (165 to 181 pounds) and doubled as a body builder, entering the physique competition. He didn't win, but his appetite for competition was sharpened, and the illustrious career in which he would cross the country dozens of times, and travel several times around the world, had begun.

One stop is particularly worth recalling—Australia and the 1977 world championships, the scene of one of the most unsettling episodes in world powerlifting's brief history. However disturbing, it was illustrative of certain of the virtues and most of the abilities of Larry Pacifico, to say nothing of the pitfalls involved in trying to emulate his feats.

The world championships were scheduled for November. A few months earlier, Pacifico had won the U.S. 198-pound title and his friend Vince Anello had taken the 220-pound division, a class in which Anello had been beaten for the world title in 1976 by Paul Jordan, an English-born Australian. Sitting around a big pile of chicken after the 1977 nationals, the 5' 5" Anello had shaken his head and said to Pacifico, "I'm afraid Jordan might beat me again. All that shouting he does gets to me, that 'Jordan the king' business, and, besides, at my height it's hard for me to keep my weight up."

"I wish keeping my weight up were my problem," Pacifico

CONTINUED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMITAGE



managed to say, between mouthfuls of chicken. "I've got to starve to stay within sight of 198 pounds."

"Well, the only reason I jumped to the 220s was to get out of your way after you decided to reduce down to 198," Anello said. "Nobody's fool enough to go against you if he can help it."

Pacifico stopped eating for a moment and began to laugh. "I wonder what 'the king' would do," he said to Anello, "if you and I switched classes for the world's, and kept it quiet till we got to Australia. Can you imagine the look on his face?"

They saw the look a few months later, in the seaside city of Perth, where Jordan's rosy tan paled by at least five shades at the sight of the newly svelte Anello preceding the now-thicket Pacifico down the stairway from the plane.

The two larger men resembled each other only in that each was of less than average height, and each was muscled like a rhino on steroids. There the resemblance ended. Jordan was blond, with the hair and hawklike features of a Viking. Pacifico dark, bespectacled, his hair close-cropped, altogether less evocative of a warrior than of Mole, the character in Walt Disney's adaptation of *The Wind in the Willows*.

Jordan and several of his mates were wearing T-shirts that said: JORDAN'S THE KING. WORLD CHAMP AGAIN IN 1977. Finally the king walked over to the travel-weary Americans. He held out a tentative hand to Pacifico and said, "Well, then, Larry. You look a bit heavier this year."

"Yeah, Paul. Thought I'd see how I could do at 220. Nice T-shirt. But don't worry. Maybe you can be queen."

Worry, however, was all Jordan did. During the week before the meet, it was clear that the switch had had its effect, causing him to overtrain, and he was talking too much. Things were worse by the time of the competition.

Jordan was full of bombast as he stormed out onto the stage, fluffing hair flying, for his first attempt in the squat. "I'm the king! I'm the king!" he shouted to his hundreds of home-country supporters. In contrast, Pacifico stepped quietly onto the platform, nodding slightly from time to time, a smile playing across his face.

Within minutes, one of these men was

to suffer a series of leg injuries so horrifying that TV personnel, upon seeing the tapes, rose involuntarily from their chairs and cried out. The other man would have a world record and be on the way to his seventh consecutive world powerlifting championship.

The first of the three competitive lifts in powerlifting is the squat, in which the lifter takes the bar from a set of supports called squat racks, places it across the back of his neck, steps backward, does a deep knee bend, then rises to step forward and replace the bar on the supports. Each lifter is given three attempts, and Jordan's debacle began on the first of them. Badly off form, exhausted by overtraining and worry, he barely managed to stand back up with 693 pounds. Pacifico, on the other hand, took 705 and drove up with the weight as if it were papier-mâché.

Jordan should have realized then that he had no real chance to out squat Pacifico. As the weight was gradually raised to a poundage greater than Jordan had ever done, those watching heaved a sigh of relief, thinking Jordan had decided to pass his final two attempts and admit defeat. But the sighs were followed by the voice of the announcer: "Load 755 pounds onto the bar for Paul Jordan. A new world record. Pacifico on deck with the same weight." At that point, anyone with a background in the classics would have been unsurprised had a Greek chorus entered stage left to offer the audience a few dozen lines on the consequences of presumption.

However, it was not a Greek chorus, it was one perfervid Anglo-Aussie, full of adrenaline and hubris, who rushed onto the stage, snorting smelling salts and bull-roaring to ready himself for an as-



Light as a feather—a large feather—Pacifico twirls through a session of racquetball

sault on the barbell. "Jordan's the king! Yes!" he bellowed as he glared at the weight, shook it and stepped back from the racks. Then gravity intruded, and the 755 pounds bore down upon him so inexorably that he didn't even begin to stand back up. Luckily, the spotters were standing by. They helped him up with the weight and assisted him to the sidelines, where he had to suffer the ignominy of watching Pacifico walk confidently to the bar with its 755 pounds, step back and manhandle it for a world record.

When the cheering finally subsided, Jordan was berserk with rage. Against the advice of his coaches, the wishes of his friends and impossible odds, he called for the weight to be increased to 760 pounds. From backstage he was heard bellowing, "The king! I'm still the king!" Still shouting, he strode out, took a drag from a broken ammonia capsule that would have staggered a moose, and then literally attacked the barbell. He boosted it up the rack, almost jumping back to prepare himself for the deep knee bend to follow. At the signal from the judge he began to descend with the weight, his neck bulging under the strain. As he neared the bottom position, it happened. His right quadriceps—the muscle in the front of his thigh—ruptured, and as his then-unbalanced body drifted toward the weakened side, his left knee could not hold. It slammed inward onto the platform, severing the patellar tendon. As he crumpled even farther to the right, with 760 pounds still on his shoulders, his right foot rolled over, severely spraining the ankle. After the injured Jordan was carried from the platform, Pacifico made the graceful and touching gesture of dedicating his final attempt to his fallen rival.

Today, after three major operations, Jordan is completely recovered. He is capable of approximately 700 pounds in the squat, and he intends to return to international competition next year. The same stubbornness that put him on his back has put him back on his feet.

Certainly Pacifico is stubborn enough himself. While training for the 1976 world championships he suffered a shoulder injury so painful he could barely raise his left arm, but he decided to enter anyway, banking on his superiority in the squat and deadlift, in which the shoulder would be only minimally involved, to put him so far ahead that to win he

would need a bench press of "only" some 350 pounds. But at the meet, his British opponent, Eamon Tait, had an unusually good day in the squat, and so, after the terrible pain of the 350, Pacifico decided to try 400 to put first place on ice. No one who was there will ever forget how he looked as he walked slowly to the bench, tight-lipped, and took that great weight in his hands. He lowered it, then pushed it up on arms that trembled as the judge signaled that the bar could be replaced on the rack. Pacifico rose from the bench, holding his left arm tightly against his side, his face as pale as the chalk dust covering his hands. Yet he turned to the shouting crowd and managed a little bow before walking offstage with the short, careful steps of one who is either carrying nitroglycerin or enduring almost paralyzing pain.

Pacifico's occasional injuries are, of course, a worry to Carol, his beautiful gray-eyed wife. She would no doubt be pleased if he retired, but is not the sort to make demands. Moreover, "I love him," she says, "and lifting is part of him, so I love that, too. I just try to keep his life as conflict-free as I can, particularly near the big meets. I know his spring winds pretty tight."

Pacifico's good fortune, or good planning, includes a job that is almost ideal for a lifter. For nearly 15 years he has been in the health-spa business, and is now a partner in, and road manager for, a successful chain of gyms called New Life Fitness Centers. The home office is in Dayton, where he and Carol live.

A friend observes that although he has seen Pacifico lift many times and watched him participate in numerous clinics to help young lifters or to raise money for the National AAU Powerlifting Committee, never once has he seen him be even a little short-tempered with youngsters who wanted an autograph, a few words of advice or just to stand quietly by in the presence of a gen-u-uine, pure-dee star. His friend feels this evidently limitless patience has its origins in what Yeats called "the fascination of what's difficult."

Though it appears to be a simple pursuit, powerlifting, like most individual sports, is endlessly complex. How to weave exercise routines, nutrition and psychological preparation into a pattern that will keep the body fresh and ever stronger is a mystery only partly understood, even by Pacifico. So careful is he

to chart the ebbs and flows of his strength that for more than a decade he has kept precise daily records of his training, diet, sleep, even his sexual habits.

Most people who have stayed at the top as long as Pacifico begin to find the spotlight that goes on at meet after meet more than a little numbing. Not Pacifico. Long after others have had their daily limit of sets, reps and exercise routines, Pacifico's tail is still bushy, his eyes still bright and shining. So great is his love for the sport that when the York Barbell Club was unable to fulfill its bid to host the 1979 world championships, Pacifico offered to stage the huge affair himself in Dayton. The offer was accepted by the International Powerlifting Federation, and in November of this year he plans to provide a setting befitting his pursuit of a ninth consecutive world title.

Among the photographs of last year's national championships in Los Angeles there is one that typifies this enthusiasm. The photo is of Dennis Reed, the 220-pounder who, because of Pacifico's injury and inability to continue the contest, could conceivably have been chosen instead to go to the world's in Finland. In the picture, Reed is just finishing a deadlift, and in the background Pacifico can be seen leaping into the air, his injured arm held high, in unrestrained joy at the success of a man who, in so succeeding, might well have ended any chance Pacifico had to extend his string of world titles.

As long as a man can leap like that in celebration of nothing more ultimately serious than a powerlift, particularly a lift made by one of his competitors, mental staleness is certainly not setting in. As Cleopatra's love was to Antony, so to Pacifico, lifting does not "cloy the appetite she feeds, but makes hungry where most she satisfies."

Which, of course, makes retirement a difficult question. When asked, Pacifico replies, "My only long-term goal is to continue to improve. I plan to lift as long as I can make progress. When the gains stop coming, that's when I hang it up."

Considering the fact that the man generally granted second spot in the hierarchy of powerlifting is 181-pound six-time world champion Ron Collins and the further fact that Collins established his latest world record less than two months ago at the age of 45, Pacifico may be around for quite a while. **END**

MOVIES

by FRANK DEFORD



A JOYOUS RIDE TO THE HEART OF AMERICA

It is the rare film that has understood the essence of sport so well as *Breaking Away*, or understood summer or growing up, or, for that matter, America and Americans. This joyous story about four young A&P cowboys and a bicycle race in Bloomington, Ind., cost a measly \$2.4 million to make (What is that? One Wayne Garland, a Luis Tiant, an Oscar Gamble?), but it is better by far than all the ballyhooed, star-studded epics. Steve Tesich's screenplay is impeccable; Peter Yates' direction is nearly magic in its command and sensitivity, and the cast is perfectly chosen, an ensemble always in character. And if all this were not enough, *Breaking Away* also evokes a spirit these times yearn for.

Our wistful hero is Dave (played by Dennis Christopher, above), a teen-age Don Quixote who fancies himself an Italian cyclist—affecting an accent, belting out arias from *La Traviata* as he pedals alone the neighborhood. His three buddies—the tough guy (Dennis Quaid), the humorist (Daniel Sorel), the squirt (Jackie Earle Haley)—hang out with Dave at the old swimming hole and rail at a life that has made them members of a certified American underclass: townies in a college town. Dave's father (Paul Dooley) is a befuddled used-car salesman, his mother (Barbara Barrie) a benign Skylab drifting along, and as the only two consequential adults in the film, they have decided to impersonate Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, imitating Fibber McGee and Molly. But it works! By God, they are funny! Yates is somehow able to take us into fancy, to the brink of burlesque, then yank us back in the very next moment, to the most evocative and poignant scenes. Why, such talent for juxtaposing bombast and subtlety has previously only revealed itself in Earl Weaver's managing of the Baltimore Orioles.

Don't be fooled. The film's sense of humor

and its exciting race sequences notwithstanding, this is not a jock American Graffiti. It is much more profound than that. If there is one drama *Breaking Away* recalls, it is *Picnic*, which has the same tender appreciation of everyday people. The moment in *Breaking Away* in which Dave admits to his coed sweetheart (Robyn Douglass—and how talented and lovely she is!) that he is not an Italian exchange student contains as much of youth and innocence and broken promises as the whole spectrum of genre movies. A scene of Dave and his father that deals with aspiration, with the American dream, is almost as sweet. And nothing is more sadly touching than when Mike, the tough kid, the failed high school quarterback, watches the college scholarship hotshots practice, and then cries out in frustration that in all his life he will never be anything but a guy named Mike. He screams at the collegians, taunts them, fights them, challenges them for daring to encroach on his swimming hole and attempts to swim a race against an arrogant fraternity man named Rod (Hart Bochner), who is a member of the IU swim team.

There is a priceless moment here. When Mike hits his head on a rock but refuses to quit, Rod, to our surprise, looks at him with an expression of genuine concern and understanding. It's just an instant, but it is the sort of detail that makes the film so full, so warm. Thereafter Rod is not really a villain. We may envy him that he is so handsome, that he drives a Mercedes, that he gets all the girls. But we—and the townies—don't hate him. That's important. A crucial thing about America is that we have never hated winners, only been jealous of them—the Rockefeller and the Yankees alike. And that is why there are no moats around our ball fields. *Breaking Away* comprehends that sort of thing about our manner of striving and competing. I hope Bobby Knight goes to see it. I hope Jack Tatum goes. I hope Jimmy Connors goes and takes John McEnroe when he goes back to see it again. I hope Billy Martin and Reggie Jackson go together.

I'm sure that Tesich and Yates didn't set out to wave the flag, but there is something special here. It is a story that convinces you that life will be better yet for your kids, and that maybe you, too, can kiss the prettiest girl, win a race and really get to know somebody you love. If we, as a people, are capable of making a movie like *Breaking Away*, then surely we can whip inflation, too. The President said to say something nice about America. Well, the wonderful thing about *Breaking Away* is that you leave the theater very proud that America has both an Indians and a Hollywood.

END

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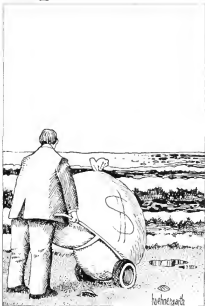
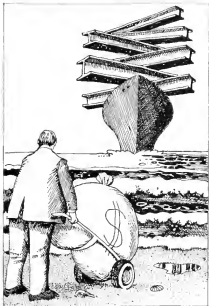
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When the odds are saying you'll never win

Oakland's Matt Keough knows ya gotta have heart even when you're 0-12 and haven't won a game since September

As Oakland Pitcher Matt Keough stepped out of the shower one day last week, Coach George Mitterwald yelled across the clubhouse, "Matt, you haven't quite got it yet. You shower after the game."

Indeed, there was the towel-wrapped Keough dripping wet before the game. And that speaks volumes about the way his season has been going—backward. His record is 0-12, which puts him within reach of the mark for consecutive losses in one season, 19. He also dropped his last four decisions in 1978 and thus his 16 straight defeats spanning two seasons keep him in contention for the all-time consecutive-loss record of 23, set in 1910-11 by Clifton Curtis of the old Boston Pilgrims.

Yet a year ago Keough was the A's representative in the All-Star Game, in which he bailed Baltimore ace Jim Palmer out of trouble and had an ERA of 2.16, second only to Ron Guidry. Since then, his record has been a no-star 2-23. His current ERA is 6.00. His last win was Sept. 1, 1978.

"I don't think all this is any reason to walk around being a brooding maniac," says Keough, an affable right-hander with a curveball which, in its glorious prime, was known to buckle hitters' knees.

"What I have in mind is pitching in a World Series game. Somehow, I'll get there. And even if I have to become a left-handed screwball pitcher to get there, I will."

Obviously, a large part of Keough's problem is that he pitches for the worst team in baseball. All year Oakland has been last or close to it in team batting, fielding, home attendance, morale and the standings (a 28-76 record at week's end).

Of course, Keough has been less than awesome as well, and he admits it. He hasn't been throwing the curve as much this season, relying instead on his slider, which is his fourth-best pitch. When he hurt his knee last year (his season record was 8-15), he got out of the habit of throwing the curve and has been slow to return to the good old ways. Routinely he gets behind batters, then is forced to throw fastballs, with predictable damage. Says pitching coach Lee Stange, "All I know is that a person who didn't enjoy pitching as much as Keough does might have problems with a record like his." For his aggravation, Keough is paid about \$40,000 a year.



The damn Yankees haven't beaten Keough, just roughed him up a bit.

Oakland Manager Jim Marshall says, "He's learning his trade at the major league level. If our system was stronger, maybe Matt would be pitching in AAA. It takes a lot of courage to go out and pitch when they flash 0-12 on the scoreboard. But I do think Matt is getting a good perspective on his profession."

And that view, no matter how distressing, is not going to depress Keough's towering spirit. On the contrary, he laughs as he says, "Being just 24 years old, I'm not supposed to be good for four more years yet." He takes delight in showing off a small plaque a fan sent him which says, "Losing is nature's way of keeping you from winning." It hangs in his locker. Marshall recently advised Keough, "When you're out there, pretend every batter hits like your father did." The old man, journeyman outfielder Marty Keough, who retired in 1966, after 11 seasons in the bigs, had a .242 career av-

continued

erage. And, naturally, people everywhere ask Maat about The Steak.

Aren't you tired of this focus on failure?

"No, it shows people are paying attention."

But doesn't the press drive you crazy?

"It's not the media's fault I'm 0-12."

How are you able to cope so well?

"I don't take the ball park home with me. And I remember that when things were going tough for my dad, I didn't hear him whining."

In an era when ballplayers often try to hide their failures by ducking the press, Keough plunges headlong into self-analysis. "The whole point," he says, "is you don't quit. Not ever. If I quit now, then that's telling people a lot of things about me. If I quit now when there's no pressure, don't you believe people would think I'd be likely to fold under playoff or World Series pressure?"

Playing on a young team means enduring a lot of youthful mistakes. Last Saturday's game in Oakland against lowly Seattle provided classic examples. Keough fielded a high chopper, turned to throw to first, and discovered nobody was covering. The other six hits he gave up during his four innings were singles through the infield, several of which he thought were eminently stoppable. But he walked three men and threw three wild pitches. The A's went on to win 6-5 but Keough was not involved in the decision. "I was terrible," he said as he hauled his uniform around the clubhouse. "I should have gotten a loss. I lost my poise."

Lots of things that don't show up in box scores are killing the A's—and Keough. Perfect double-play balls that only produce one out, throwing to the wrong base, atrocious base running, poor relieving. Keough understandably is circumspect about placing blame. He says, "There is no question there are times when we have teams stone beat, then lose. We're being humbled all the time. But we won't forget who has been swinging on us on 3 and 0 and playing hit-and-run when they're ahead by 10 runs. They're walking on our faces."

In truth, Keough should have at least five wins so far. For example, in the second game of the season, against Minnesota, he pitched 8½ innings and allowed but one run, but got no decision. In early May against Boston he pitched nine innings, gave up two runs and lost 2-1.

Against Cleveland he went 7½ innings and gave up no runs, but the A's lost anyway. At times he has been hit hard, too. "A pitcher is only going to have great stuff about one-third of the time," he says. "The rest of the time he has to figure out a way to get by."

For much of his career Keough had been an infielder as well as a pitcher. When he hit .210 at AA Chattanooga in 1976, "I had to realize that I probably wasn't a bona fide big league infield prospect." He had, however, pitched some—and brilliantly—in high school, and before the 1977 season, A's owner Charlie Finley suggested he give the mound a serious try. By August he was in Oakland, where he retired the first 10 big league players he faced. "That was my shot," says Keough. "If I hadn't done well, I wasn't going to keep binging around in the minors. I love baseball, but not on a minor league level where the game doesn't love you back. See, love is a two-way relationship."

Al Jackson, now a Boston coach, knows how Keough feels. Jackson twice had seasons for the Mets in which he absorbed 20 defeats. Says Jackson, "He has to say to himself, 'If I was a bad pitcher, they wouldn't keep sending me out there and giving me the chance to lose this many in a row.'"

After his disappointing effort Saturday, Keough showered after the game. At least that's a step in the right direction.

THE WEEK

(July 22-28)

by KATHLEEN ANDRIA

AL WEST Once again, as twilight descended on Southern California on a Friday night, Nolan Ryan took the mound. Exactly two weeks earlier he had thrown a near no-hitter. Not this time. There were no fans and there was no opposing team, only an anxious manager, team doctor and trainer. The usually hard-throwing Ryan lobbed four or five pitches in a 90-second test that was to have lasted 10 minutes. He stopped, walked over to Jim Fregosi and De Lewis Yocum and together they disappeared into the clubhouse tunnel. And with them, perhaps, should his injury linger, went the pennant hopes of the California Angels (3-4). Ryan had felt his elbow pop on an 0-2 pitch to Reggie Jackson in the second inning of a game at Yankee Stadium. The injury was diagnosed as a possible strained muscle. What-

ever it was, Ryan joined fellow starters Frank Tanana and Chris Knapp on the sidelines. No one knew exactly when any of them would return. Without them it is doubtful that even the Angel bats, which have produced 564 runs—the most in either league—can compensate. There were two bright notes, however: Don Baylor raised his RBI total to 96 and Joe Rudi hit his third grand slam of the year.

Geoff Zahn and Mike Marshall of Minnesota (3-4) stood watching Baylor, Rudi and the rest of the Angel lineup take batting practice before a matchup between the first- and second-place teams. It must have helped. The pair pitched a five-hitter, Marshall picking up his 20th save and Zahn getting his ninth win. But the Twins scored just seven runs in five games after getting 20 in their first two games.

The Rangers (1-5) continued their slide, losing two games each to Kansas City and last-place Toronto, and beating only Boston, 11-2. Steve Comer pitching a five-hitter for his 11th win. "We're always able to play super against contending clubs," said Centerfielder Al Oliver. "We just don't play consistently against the non-contending teams."

One of those "non-contenders" threatened to shed that status. Having lost 16 of 19 games, the Royals (5-2) started to play like the defending champions they are. They took two from the Rangers, two from the White Sox and handed Baltimore a rare defeat. Third Baseman George Brett hit four homers—three in one game—batted .379, drove in 11 runs and scored seven. Even Freddie Patek had a homer, his first of the year. "The midget smoked him," said Manager Whitey Herzog after the 5'4" shortstop's belt off Chicago's Ross Baumgarten. The White Sox (2-5) lost that game 6-1 despite a sensational play by Shortstop Greg Pryor, who dived to intercept a smash by First Baseman George Scott. Pryor caught the ball, rolled over, and, while on his back, threw a strike to first to beat Scott. "It's the best play I've ever seen by a shortstop," said Scott, who has spent 13½ years in the majors. "It's probably the best play I've ever seen," said an amazed Brett.

For the first time since joining the league in 1977, Seattle (2-6) beat Baltimore at home in Memorial Stadium, ending the Orioles' win streak at seven and giving Byron McCaulhlin his eighth save. Two days later he picked up his ninth, when the Mariners shut out Oakland 1-0. The A's won the next night, though, to make it a 2-5 week. The other win came against the Red Sox, 8-6.

CAL 89-65 MIN 54-46 TEX 54-47 KC 50-51
CH 46-56 SEA 44-61 OAK 28-76

AL EAST It happens time and again. When the manager of a losing team is fired, his team responds by winning for his replacement. It happened to Jeff Torborg of Cleveland two years ago

continued

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when he took over for Frank Robinson—the Indians winning seven straight—and it happened again last week. After months of rumors, Torborg was released following a doubleheader loss to Milwaukee. Third Base Coach Dave Garcia moved in and Cleveland (6-2) won six straight. Mindful that such good fortune was unlikely to last and that President George Paul had talked with Bob Lemon, Garcia said, "I like to coach third base."

But, for now, Garcia is helping the Indians play the role of spoiler. They beat Milwaukee 5-4, snapping the Brewers' 10-game winning streak; they allowed Minnesota only four runs in three games while sweeping that series; and they took Chicago twice. But they still were 18½ games behind Baltimore. However, the Indians had the distinction of being the only team in the division not to lose ground to the Orioles, the Birds having also gone 6-2 to bring their record to .667. And Baltimore showed no sign of letting up.

"In order to do what we've done," said Manager Earl Weaver, with pure Weaverian logic, "we have to keep doing what we've done in the past." And last week they did, a different player coming through every night. Steve Stone won his seventh and eighth and

Mike Flanagan his 14th, on a three-hitter, to become the first 14-game winner in the league. When Flanagan was knocked out in the second inning of another game, Tippy Martinez came in and retired the last 23 batters and won when Pat Kelly pinch-hit a grand slam in the eighth. Gary Roenicke saved a near grand slam with a spectacular leaping catch several feet above the fence. Two nights later, Lee May hit still another grand slam to key a nine-run fourth inning. The Orioles outscored their opponents 56-26, getting 84 hits while allowing just 54.

The biggest satisfaction for the third-place Brewers (15-3, 6½ games out) was whipping New York (4-3, 13 back). The 10-game Brewer win streak had come solely at the expense of the pre-Garcia Indians and Toronto, and then Milwaukee lost two to Detroit (4-3) when the Tigers held them to two runs on consecutive nights while scoring 16. Jack Morris gave up five hits on Wednesday and rookie Dan Petry seven on Thursday. But the Brewers snapped back against the Yankees. New York fans thought their team had been taken all week. There were accusations of fan interference in a loss to California, arguments aplenty and a brawl between Reggie Jackson

and Milwaukee Pitcher Mike Caldwell. Jackson had been decked by two "inside" pitches. He tossed his bat at Caldwell as he fouled out. Caldwell picked it up and banged it on the ground, breaking it. Jackson, enraged, charged the mound and started choking Caldwell. Reggie was ejected, Caldwell was not, causing Manager Billy Martin to play the game under protest. The theatrics obscured what should have been a satisfying week for New York. Jim Kaat and Don Hood combined for a shutout. Ed Figueroa won his first game since May 9 after coming off the disabled list. Rich Gossage got his first save since April 18, and Ron Gaudy tossed a three-hit shutout against California.

Despite turning two triple plays in one week—making it three for the year to tie a major league record—Boston (4-3) lost 1½ games to the Orioles. The week belonged to Carl Yastrzemski, who made a catch in left field that he ranked as his best in 12 years. And after going 16 games without a home run, Yaz hit his 400th—at home—to the delight of 30,395 fans. He was within 35 hits of becoming the first American Leaguer to get 3,000 hits as well as 400 home runs.

Toronto (3-3) beat Texas twice to snap a

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seven-game losing streak. Dave Stieb, the only Blue Jay pitcher with a winning record, got one victory and Tom Underwood picked up his fourth—against 13 losses. Pitcher Dave Lemanczyk pitched no-hit ball for six innings, settling for a 3–0 three-hitter and his 11th complete game of the season.

BALT 66–34 BOS 61–37 ML 62–41 NY 55–47
DET 51–49 CLE 49–52 TOR 32–71

NL WEST The first meeting came at midnight following the All-Star Game. Davey Lopes was spirited away from a party by Dodger vice-presidents Fred Claire and Al Campanis and Manager Tom Lasorda for a "talk." Two days later came a closed-door clubhouse meeting. That day the Dodgers won. And the next. After having lost 19 of their previous 23 games, the Dodgers (6–1) won six straight, and eight of 10, and at long last rose from the cellar. Oh, they were still 14 games out, and there was little talk of pennant fever, but they were winning. They scored 57 runs during the week, nearly double their weekly average, and put together back-to-back road victories for the first time since April 29. And they found a new star. Or rather an old one who had been sitting around rusting. After nine years in the bullpen, during which he had just 39 saves, Charlie Hough started a game for the second time in his major league career. In six innings against the Mets he allowed just four hits and two walks and the Dodgers won 4–3. He started again against the first-place Astros, holding them to eight hits and three runs in seven innings, his longest outing since he pitched a complete game in Spokane in 1971. "I like starting," said the knuckleballer. "I can throw more fastballs. It's fun." Also having fun for a change was Dusty Baker, who emerged from a prolonged slump to drive in 13 runs on 13 hits, which included three doubles and two homers, and score 11 runs.

Houston (5–2) slowed down the Dodgers when Ken Forsch picked up his second win of the week, allowing L.A. just three hits after four-hitting the Cubs earlier. J. R. Richard, who had been struggling after four straight losses, received a phone call from ex-teammate Bob Watson. "You're overrinding," said the Red Sox first baseman. Richard adjusted and struck out 12 Cubs to raise his strikeout total to 174, and won the game 6–4. Also winning for the Astros was Joe Niekro, who on Monday got his 14th victory, the same night brother Phil of Atlanta (3–7) got his 14th, high for the league. Phil allowed just two hits in an 8–0 victory to snap the Pirates' nine-game winning streak. The brothers pitched again on Friday night—this time losing. Phil's a heart-breaker (2–0) to the Reds.

Cincinnati (6–4) placed George Foster on the 15-day disabled list because of a pulled adductor muscle in his right thigh suffered

in the All-Star Game. Several Reds rushed in to take up the slack left by the .333-hitting 72-RBI slugger: Ken Griffey got 15 hits in 26 at bats; Johnny Bench hit three home runs and drove in 12; Dave Concepcion hit .421 and had a grand slam, and Dave Collins, Foster's replacement in leftfield, hit .348. Nonetheless, the Reds remained 3½ games behind Houston.

Vida Blue of San Francisco (3–5) beat Montreal 8–6 for his 150th career win, and Jack Clark got his 20th home run of the year in the 11th inning to defeat San Diego 4–3. The Padres (3–6) had little to cheer about until Saturday, when Gaylord Perry struck out five Giants to pass Bob Gibson and move into second place (3,120) behind Walter Johnson (3,508) on the all-time strikeout list. "I can catch him," said the 40-year-old Cy Young award winner. "Three more years."

HOUS 59–46 CIN 56–50 SF 50–54
SD 48–58 LA 44–59 ATL 43–61

NL EAST After leading the division for 45 straight days, Montreal yielded to Pittsburgh and perhaps the inevitable. The Expos (3–5) started with an 8–6 defeat at the hands of San Francisco, followed it with a 14-inning, 4–3 loss in San Diego in which they committed five errors, and wound up by dropping three straight to the Pirates. Those three defeats occurred in

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

DAVE KINGMAN: In addition to his six home runs, the Chicago Cubs leftfielder drove in nine runs and scored six while batting .526 for the week and raising his season average to .306, 74 points higher than his career average.

Montreal, where the Expos had won 26 of their first 32 games. The largest baseball crowd of the season, and in the history of Canada, 59,260, turned out to watch the first two games—a doubleheader—and to welcome home Rusty Staub. Le Grand Orange, just in from Detroit. After getting a three-minute standing ovation when he appeared as a pinch hitter late in the game, Staub not so grandly flut out on the first pitch. All in all, it was a dismal week for the Expos, one marked by poor defense, blown plays, weak pitching, lack of speed on the bases and an inability to deliver in the clutch. In other words, ineptness. After the third loss to the Pirates, Pitcher Rudy May said, "I don't think anyone's feeling the pressure, though. Half of these guys aren't old enough to know what pressure is."

The veteran Pirates (6–4) know what pressure is, but usually they don't apply it until later in the season. On Sunday, Pittsburgh beat Atlanta twice, Pitcher Jim Bibby giving

up only five hits in the second game, which he won (3–2) with a two-run homer. The two games lasted nearly 10 hours because of several rain delays. "The day is short when you win," said Bibby. "The next day, another twin bill was shorter, but longer in the Bibby sense, the Pirates winning the first game but losing the second despite making their first triple play in eight years. Before taking the Expos, Pittsburgh lost three straight to Cincinnati and endured yet another delayed game—this one held up 35 minutes as a result of a debated call by Umpire Dick Stello.

One couldn't argue with Dave Kingman's week. After missing six games with injuries, King returned to the lineup and oh how he made his presence felt! He warmed up with his 30th home run, against Cincinnati, then came roaring into New York and in a 20-hour binge hit five more. The first two were on Friday night, the next three Saturday. "All the guys are in awe of him," said Mets Catcher John Stearns. "The more he hits, the better. You can't root against him."

Stearns himself homered in that game for the Mets (3–4), as did Lee Mazzilli, which undoubtedly gave the fans—and, more particularly, management—greater joy than did the 6–4 victory. Their All-Star centerfielder—in New York they call him "The Franchise"—had collided head on at top speed with rookie Don Norman while going after a fly ball in Dodger Stadium Monday night. Maz caught the ball, but it trickled out of his glove when he fell to the ground, where he lay unconscious for 10 minutes. After spending the night in a local hospital—he suffered a mild concussion—he was released, complaining of nothing more than a headache.

The Cardinals (4–3) hope their headaches are over. Catcher Ted Simmons returned to the lineup after breaking his left wrist on June 24. During his absence the Redbirds, who were in second place at the time, 4½ games back, lost 17 of 27 and fell to fifth, seven games out. Simmons had four hits in 13 at bats last week, driving in four runs while scoring three in the Cardinals' four victories. And he helped get St. Louis pitching back on track. Bob Forsch, who is 4–9, hurled a three-hitter against Philadelphia. Silvio Martinez pitched a five-hitter, and Pete Vuckovich picked up his first complete-game victory since June 9. "He makes it easier for me," said Vuckovich. "He knows me like a book. I don't have to think. I just worry about mechanics."

The Phillies had better think and worry about mechanics. They won once, then lost five straight. Only Mike Schmidt was producing, hitting three more home runs, to tie him for the league lead with Kingman at 35. "This is the best groove I've ever been in," said Schmidt. It might be the Phillies' worst.

PIT 56–43 MONT 54–42 CIN 54–43
PHL 52–48 STL 45–47 NY 41–55

The pass was the kind soccer players dream about—40 yards cross-field, low and true from the foot of the legendary Franz Beckenbauer. The touring Cosmos, practicing on a patchy field in Argentina, were in a foul mood on a hot November day after a rough loss the night before. Beckenbauer's perfect pass came spiraling out of the sunlight into the deep shadows near the sideline. Even the Kaiser stopped to watch.

Waiting for the pass, with no one to harass him, was 19-year-old Rick Davis, a blond Californian who had quit the University of Santa Clara in his sophomore year to sign a contract with the Cosmos. Davis, who is probably the best U.S.-born player in the NASL, moved too quickly to trap the pass. His body turned awkwardly and when his foot came in contact with the ball, the angle was wrong. The perfect pass glanced out of bounds.

Beckenbauer exploded at Ray Klivcek, the Cosmos' assistant coach, who was running the pass. "So this is the future of America?" he shouted. "This is what you're waiting for? Forget it! Sell the team! It's a joke!"

Judgments like those have made American players like Davis increasingly bitter about their status in the NASL. On the one hand, Beckenbauer's complaint—that American players are not skilled enough to play the game on its highest professional levels—is accurate enough. That estimate is generally shared by foreign players and by foreign and most American coaches. On the other hand, the unhappy home-grown players argue that only game experience can accelerate their progress, and that playing time is precisely what they have not been getting.

While the NASL was not formed to showcase Americans, from the beginning the league has had rules providing that a number of Americans—actually, North Americans—must play. At present an NASL team must start two Americans—either native-born or naturalized Canadian or U.S. players—and six Americans must be carried on the 17-man roster. Next year the number of North Amer-

Tea party brewing in the NASL

Exertion without representation is the plaint of native players, whose ire is becoming increasingly loud and clear

ican starters will rise to three, but the number on the squad will remain six.

"NASL doesn't mean North American Soccer League," says a disgruntled Nick Owcharuk, 25, a native Chicagoan who is the Tulsa Roughnecks' third-string goalkeeper. "It means Non-American Soccer League."

On a recent weekend Owcharuk's complaint would have been seconded by the 144 North Americans in the league. With all 24 teams in action, only 55 of the 264 starters were North Americans. Although that was seven more than the rules require, 21 of the 55 were Canadians, and 10 were naturalized U.S. citizens, including Italy's "national treasure," Giorgio Chinaglia. There were only 24 homegrown U.S. players, an average of one per team.

"The Americanization of soccer is a joke," snarls Dan Counce, a St. Louis-born sixth-year forward with the Toronto Blizzard. "Instead of the two-man rule being a minimum, it's become the upper limit. The rest ride the bench and get more splinters than game minutes."

Dennis Tucari, a brilliant English winger now in his second season with the Cosmos, goes to the heart of the dilemma when he says, "I started playing soccer when I was three, and I never played anything else. Americans in the NASL began at 13 or so. You can't give me a decade of basic ball skills that have become muscle habits and then expect to beat me on the field. Americans need

more early training, although the group in youth soccer today should eventually be very good indeed. For the current pros, it's a battle and there's bound to be casualties. But if you push Americanization too hard, the whole sport here could be finished. Who's going to go to games played on a lower level?"

Ironically, the problem was intensified by the arrival of Pelé in 1975. Pelé's mission with the Cosmos was to evangelize the biggest sport in the world in this important sports country. When he succeeded—when pro soccer began to make money—other clubs' coffers opened to the stars of Europe and South America and the level of the NASL game rose. Simultaneously, the stock of the American players fell.

Rinus Michels, the famed Dutch coach now piloting the Los Angeles Aztecs, says, "The level of imported players is now so high that I wouldn't dare start more than the two required Americans. Otherwise, I'd get beaten by much-improved competition." The Dallas Tornado's Al Miller, a Pennsylvanian who has coached Hartwick College of Oneonta, N.Y., once used many American pro players. "I just can't carry the American banner anymore," he says. "I was about the only one who tried to work a lot of Americans into the lineup. The foreigners have just proved too good. Right now I'm waving the German flag."

Rationalizing their plight does not make the U.S. players feel any better about it. Billy Gazonas, the winner of the 1977 Hermann Trophy as the outstanding college player in the nation, is a feisty little midfielder for the Tulsa Roughnecks. On a squad that is British-coached and 60% British, he is an occasional starter. "When we practice it's the first-team British against the second-team Americans," he says. "The Americans take practice pretty seriously, and we can beat the Brits a lot. I took down a British player when we were two goals up in a practice one day, and when we were both on the ground I said to him, 'It's 1950, mate.'" Gazonas was referring to an amazing upset, the 1-0 win of the U.S. National team over the mighty

continued

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English in an early round of the 1950 World Cup. The U.S. was eliminated quickly, and hasn't qualified for the final 16 since.

Gazonas' animus goes beyond teammates. "The English coaches like a long-passing, hard-running game," he says. "But the better soccer colleges here teach the short-pass, field-working style. So they don't understand us, and we don't want to play their way."

Alan Hinton, Gazonas' coach, has a ready answer for that: "The Americans are just going to have to play the English style. After all, we control the sport here, don't we?"

Although NASL coaches come from eight different countries, including two from the U.S., the league is predominantly British. One English coach, Detroit's Ken Furphy, delivered the ultimate transatlantic insult when he shouted at his British starters after a poor game: "You played so badly, I might as well have started the Americans!"

Perhaps the loudest and most articulate advocate of Americanization is Bobby Smith, a tough, flop-haired U.S. defender who sat on the bench with the Cosmos last year and is now starting for San Diego. "Who's looking out for the Americans in the NASL?" he asks, smacking his palm with his fist. "The owners? They can't get their faces out of the trough long enough to be moral. The coaches? They're so scared of losing games they won't take a chance on us. The foreign players? With a few exceptions like Chinaglia and Rodney Marsh (Tampa Bay's English striker), who will help out an American? The old guys who were over the hill in Europe or South America are too insecure with their own starting positions here. As a result, we're getting the shaft right here in our own country. We're the window dressing. They keep telling us to wait, to take our time. Well, we've heard those lyrics before and we want it now."

But they aren't about to get it, Chinaglia cautions that "You can't rush this thing. Americans have a long way to go. U.S. goalkeepers are maybe the best, as a group, of any in the world, because Americans have such great hand-eye coordination. The defenders are very fine, brave and strong, because defending is a relatively easy field position. But at midfield, where a player must distribute the ball and read the flow of the game, Americans are not so hot. And at forward,

where you write the script for the game and need great deception and cunning, they haven't got it."

In the care and feeding of home-bred talent, no team has done as much as Chinaglia's Cosmos. They have sent their American second-squaddies to Scotland, Germany and Italy to train with First and Second Division reserve squads. But to the Americans, this is not the same as league competition. Says Davis, "They tell you that just practicing with Beckenbauer and Chinaglia and the others will make you a better player, but it won't.

licized American in the early, shaky days of the league, says, "We've started as many as five Americans in our lineup. That proves it's possible." Rote would like to see a limit of five foreign starters per team. "Then we'd see just how good these foreign coaches are supposed to be," he says.

But the reluctance to use the home-grown remains, even in a coach as sympathetic to them as Miller. "You take a kid who grew up with seven pairs of soccer shoes and his mom driving him to practice, and when the going gets really



Houston's Rote would get a kick out of a rule that provided more opportunities for Americans

The trick is to get a starting slot and hang on. I played center forward all my life, but here I'm a midfielder, and I'm glad I can start."

In June the Cosmos beat Coventry City, an English First Division club, 3-1 in an exhibition game. Because of injuries and a need to rest some of the superstars, eight Americans played, proving, says Long Islander Ron Atunasio, that "although we might not be the most skilled players in the world, at least we're capable of playing like a team on the international level. It did more for our confidence than anything the NASL has ever done for us."

The confidence of American players is even higher in Houston, which leads the Central Division of the American Conference. Kyle Rote Jr., the most pub-

lough, he'll let you down," he says. "The foreigners play the game with guts and blood. You can rely on them."

The non-starting Americans on the Cosmos call themselves the Monday Marauders because they practice the day after games while the first team earns a rest. In the dressing room they have their own aisle of lockers, called American Alley. But the separatism goes beyond that. "When the Cosmos have a party," says Bobby Smith, "it's Chinaglia and Beckenbauer and the continentals in one corner. Tuenzi and the Brits in another and Alberto and Marinho and the South Americans in another. The Americans stand at the bar, left out of it all. It's not like a team."

But it is like the Non-American Soccer League.

END

They're off and kicking

The owners of a harness track caught the New England Patriots offside and tried to throw them for a loss, until the governor proved himself to be a patriot at heart

Schaefer Stadium in Foxboro, Mass., 16 miles southwest of Boston, is the home of the New England Patriots of the NFL. The Stadium, which seats 61,297, was deemed an engineering miracle in 1971 after it was completed in less than a year for only \$6.7 million. But now, folks, it turns out that somebody goofed. Parts of the stadium were built on land now belonging to Foxboro Associates, owners of the adjacent New England Harness Raceway. Eddie Andelman, a Boston radio personality and a partner in the harness track, has been threatening to lop off the intrusions. "I get the scoreboard," exults Bruce Cornblatt, Andelman's producer. "I want to try to put it in my living room."

The uproar over the stadium's mislocation and related controversies has been at such a pitch that, until Massachusetts Governor Edward King intervened last week, it appeared that the Patriots might have to switch their Labor Day opener against the Super Bowl champion Steelers, the first Monday night TV game of the season, to Pittsburgh.

The Pats will now get to play at home that night, thanks to a propaganda blitz by Billy Sullivan, the team's owner, but someday they could find Schaefer Stadium a heap of rubble. The Stadium Realty Trust, a publicly held corporation that rents the facility to the Pats, notes in its latest report to stockholders, "Counsel has advised the Trust that, in its opinion, it is unlikely that a court

would order the removal of the various encroachments... although the possibility cannot be dismissed."

On a tour of the east stand of the stadium last week, Andelman pointed to the last few rows of seats. "They're on our property," he said. So is part of the sewage-treatment plant, and so are the entrances in the end zone with the scoreboard. Andelman pointed to the men's and ladies' rooms beneath the east stand. "These two structures are positively on our property," he said. By now, he was getting worked up. "Look down there," he said, indicating the almost two million cubic yards of fill that buttress the entire

base of the east stand. "All that fill is on our property. I had an engineer look at the fill, and he said if we removed it the stadium would crumble within days."

In sum, says the angry Andelman, speaking in Bostonese, "If they want to play hahd ball, we can play hahd ball."

Who goofed? No one knows for sure yet, but the fact that somebody blundered by building part of the stadium on the wrong land might have escaped attention had not Andelman and his partners bought the track, which is situated on a 330-acre parcel, in late 1976. The seller was the Bay State Harness Horse Racing and Breeding Association, Inc., of which E. M. Loew was a majority stockholder.

Soon after the purchase, Andelman's group began to have difficulties with Phil David Fine, a nephew-in-law of Loew and the managing trustee of Stadium Realty Trust. Fine wears many hats. He is also an attorney, whose firm now represents Stadium Realty, and a banker. Specifically, Fine is the chairman of the



According to the track owners, everything outside the red line belongs to the raceway, not Stadium Realty.



Look here. This part is mine, says Andelman

heard of the Commonwealth Bank and Trust Company, which held a mortgage on the Foxboro track. Andelman and his partners assumed the mortgage when they bought the track. No extensive title search was undertaken at the time. Later, they had a surveyor check the boundary lines, and in breathless tones he reported, "You won't believe this, but parts of the stadium are on your land."

Fine's Commonwealth Bank and Trust Company moved to foreclose, but the Andelman group had already secured a mortgage commitment from another bank. When the partners failed to make any headway with Stadium Realty about the encroachments, they called on Max O'Meara, a steely-eyed real estate entrepreneur and a member of the crew of *Courageous*, the America's Cup defender, to handle negotiations. Fine and Stadium Realty Trust soon broke off the talks. "They held up all my concepts to ridicule," says an indignant O'Meara, who has since become a part owner of the track.

Last winter matters worsened when the New England Tea Men of the North American Soccer League scheduled 15 games at Schaefer Stadium for the 1979 season that were in conflict with racing at the track. Andelman and his partners refused to give permission for those games. They noted that when Bay State had donated 15 acres of land to Foxboro for construction of the stadium, it had made it binding upon the Stadium Realty Trust not to hold any events interfering with racing dates. Among other things, traffic can become chaotic when both facilities are open. The Tea Men wouldn't take no for an answer and

sued the track. Stadium Realty joined the Tea Men as co-plaintiff. In March a court ruled against the soccer team, and the case is now on appeal.

In April Billy Sullivan announced that the Pats were scheduled to open the season against the Steelers not on Sunday afternoon, as expected, but on Labor Day night. This date was also in conflict with the track's schedule, which had been announced by the racing commission five months earlier. Under the law, the track was forbidden to switch to afternoon racing on Labor Day because another track within 20 miles of Foxboro would be in operation. Sullivan immediately began drumming up media support to ensure that the Steeler game would be played at Schaefer.

In June O'Meara informed Fine that the track was going to sue Stadium Realty over the encroachments. According to O'Meara, Fine asked that the suit not be brought, saying they could negotiate in good faith. O'Meara agreed to reopen talks, but before they began Stadium Realty suddenly sued the track for parking-lot receipts and asked for triple damages. "That was a very un sporting gesture while they were waving the flag of trade," O'Meara says.

Meanwhile, the Boston newspapers were blasting the track for not canceling its Monday night program so the Pats could play the Steelers at Schaefer. Andelman and two of his partners, Jim McCarthy, an insurance broker, and Mark Witkin, a lawyer, are public figures because of their radio program, *Sports Huddle*. To the amusement of some listeners and the annoyance of others, they refuse to take sports seriously. For example, they call Don Zimmer the Red Sox manager. Chung, because Zimmer said he didn't like to hear himself criticized by name on the radio, Andelman, McCarthy and Witkin often ask rhetorical questions, such as "Did you know there is a night game tonight?" and then play a recording of Zimmer's voice lifted from a tape in which he answers, "I know nothing about it. It's never been discussed before." That answer is always preceded by a sound effect of Zimmer spitting tobacco juice.

Although the Andelman group has spent close to \$1 million refurbishing the track, columnist Mike Barnicle of *The Boston Globe* referred to it as "Andelman's garage" and wrote, "Sports fans everywhere ought to stand against Andel-

man's arrogance and boycott the harness track."

Sullivan was busy on many fronts. Last Thursday Governor King, who played guard for the Baltimore Colts in 1950, summoned Andelman, O'Meara and Ed Keelan, the president of the track, to his office. The governor heard them out, then said the problem could be solved if the game were played.

On Friday morning he held a press conference in the executive council chamber of the state house. There, beneath a portrait of James Michael Curley, who served time in prison while he was mayor of Boston, was Governor King. On the governor's right was Sullivan, his bald head glistening in the TV lights, heaving like a monk who had just scored big in a Xerox commercial. One half expected Sullivan to lift his eyes to heaven and say, "It's a miracle, Father." On the governor's left was Keelan, managing a brave smile. Speaking directly to the TV cameras, King announced that the game would go on at Schaefer and that the racing commission would shift racing at Foxboro to Labor Day afternoon. The governor said he thought it was important "for the image of the Commonwealth" that the game be played on national TV. Sullivan kept beaming.

Conspicuous by his absence was Andelman, who refused to go near Sullivan. "That \$500k," says Andelman of Sullivan, "They won this battle, but they're not going to win the war."

Stay tuned

END

King (center) to Sullivan and Keelan play ball

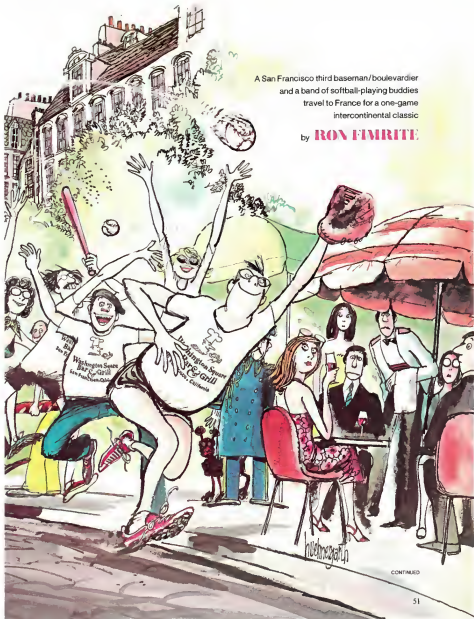


TO PARIS, WITH GLOVE



A San Francisco third baseman/boulevardier
and a band of softball-playing buddies
travel to France for a one-game
intercontinental classic

by **RON FIMRITE**



CONTINUED

Until this year, our Washington Square Bar & Grill slow-pitch softball team had played only home games, home being the North Beach Playground, a sunken asphalt pile at the foot of San Francisco's Telegraph Hill, about three blocks from the saloon. Although so many sports schedules are inflated these days, ours had been a masterwork of brevity—one game, the "traditional" with Cookie Piretti's Star Buffet, a rival bar frequented by not always off-duty policemen. In the flush of victory, or even in the agony of defeat, we had occasionally discussed challenging other opponents, but such proposals were invariably rejected with the conclusive argument, "The season's already too long."

In truth, one game a year seemed more than enough for a team with an average age and waistline of around 40. A longer schedule might have left us as weary and dispirited as, say, the Oakland A's in September. But we never had any trouble getting up for that one big one. We'd trot onto the asphalt past curious crowds of Chinese youngsters and, pounding our Marty Marion gloves, shout, "Hubba-hubba," or some other antediluvian battle cry. Our enthusiasm never waned, no matter how many hours the seven innings required. Granted, the quality of play was not always major league. A double, for example, was not guaranteed to score a runner from second base, and injuries in our games were as common as in the National Football League. Jimmy Igoe, a 45-year-old lawyer who is our second baseman and sometime shortfielder, has yet to play more than three innings without succumbing to some infirmity—a skinned knee, twitching back muscle or turned ankle. Igoe is a good left-handed hitter and an agile enough fielder, but he cannot throw a ball 30 feet with mustard on it, even when he is healthy, which is never. He is probably the quintessential "Square" ballplayer, in that he

has no durability, a few minor skills and at least one conspicuous weakness.

We are all in some way as flawed as Shakespearean monarchs. If I do say so myself, I can field pretty well—at least on asphalt, where you get a true bounce—and throw accurately, but I have hit nothing but pop-ups from the time of the second Roosevelt Administration. That is the kind of ball club we are.

Our season is now over, but it ran twice as long as usual, and, for the first time, half of it was played on the road. We finished 1-1. Our manager, Ed Moose, co-owner with Sam Deitsch of Washington Square, first proposed the extended schedule well before our traditional opener—and, of course, closer—with Cookie's. Moose, as befits his surname, is a large and disorderly looking man of 50. He wears tweed golf caps, plays bocce and talks as if he knows where the bodies are buried, which he usually does. He is a former newspaperman—the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*—and a political wheeler-dealer who numbers among his friends the Vice President of the United States. Moose calls his intimates "Paps," with the accent on the latter syllable, and his intimates include most of what might be called San Francisco's bar elite, a troupe of merry imbibers, many of them journalists and literateurs, who on any given day might describe an erratic course from Gino and Carlo's to Cookie's to the Square to Perry's to Morty's. Our team is made up of this bibulous company.

Like any manager, Moose knows exactly what kind of player he wants, and he frequently spells out the requirements: "You gotta be over 40 or have a bad liver." Moose himself is not one for dragging out the season, so it came as a surprise when he informed us, more or less one by one, that he had booked our first road game. "I have issued a challenge," he told us, "and it has been accepted.

On Mother's Day we are scheduled to play Le Moulin du Village, a restaurant near Maaux's. The game will be played in the Bois de Boulogne, Paris, France." *Mon Dieu!*

The planning for this game was actually set in motion last October when Moose was dining at Le Moulin with his friend and one of the Paris restaurant's partners, Steven Spurrier, a young Englishman who has achieved an international reputation as a wine connoisseur. Spurrier especially endeared himself to Californians a few years ago when he entered a Napa Valley cabernet sauvignon in a "blind" tasting competition in France. The tasters awarded top honors in its category to Stag's Leap, the California wine, over such competitors as a Mouton-Rothschild Bordeaux. In the eyes of French viticulturists, this was a national catastrophe comparable to the bypassing of the Maginot Line. Spurrier merely smiled complacently. "There are good wines elsewhere," he counseled them. Spurrier generally dines at the Washington Square after his forays into the California wine country, so naturally he has become fast friends with Moose and Deitsch. To cement their relationship, the restaurateurs proposed a mutual trade agreement—the Square would send its traveling clientele to Le Moulin, and Le Moulin would reciprocate.

But in time even this forks-across-the-sea arrangement seemed insufficient to the needs of their friendship. "What else can we do to unite our two restaurants?" Spurrier inquired of Moose at the now historic October meeting in Paris. Moose instantly recalled how competitive athletics had brought Cookie's and the Square together. "Why don't we play softball?" he suggested. "Splendid," replied the Englishman. "What's softball?" The game was afoot.

Both managers were now confronted with perplexing logistical difficulties. To begin with, Le Moulin had no team, so Spurrier, himself unsure of how many men there were to a side, had to recruit from his own staff—one of his partners, Chuck Scupham, is an American—and from his few American customers, most of whom are Marines assigned guard duty at the nearby American Embassy. The Marines would make up, as it were, the core of the team. The rest of the lineup would be fleshed out with assorted

Frenchmen, whose élan would presumably compensate for an abysmal ignorance of the game.

Moose's problems were of an entirely different nature. He had a set lineup of canny veterans who had served him with honor in the Cookie campaigns. What he had to do was find a way of transporting them to and housing them in a city some 6,000 miles away. The restaurant's softball budget had provisions only for our uniforms: white T-shirts on which is emblazoned the Washington Square logo. It did not have funds for flying play-

ers halfway around the world. Neither, for that matter, does George Steinbrenner's budget. It was obvious the players themselves would have to foot the bill for this foreign adventure.

In an effort to lighten the load somewhat, Moose sought out our shortsap, Claude Jarman Jr. Film buffs will recall that Jarman achieved instant stardom as a youngster in the 1947 movie *The Yearling*, playing little Jody to Gregory Peck's Pa and Jane Wyman's Ma in the heart-wrenching story of a boy and his pet fawn. When this picture is shown on late-

night television, Jarman, now well into his 40s, still receives phone calls from friends who sob, "Claude, you were wonderful." His career as a child actor was cut short when he grew too tall, and though he was handsome and talented enough to play adult roles, Jarman soon abandoned acting altogether for the world of commerce. Today he is the director of the San Francisco International Film Festival, a job that requires him to travel the globe in search of cinematic gems. Unsurprisingly, he is also part owner of a travel agency. Exercising some of

continued



We decided that a softball game in Paris was an excellent way to unite two restaurants

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his international clout, Jarman, with his partner, Jane Seligman, wrangled a discount for us at the prestigious Hotel Royal Monceau on Avenue Hoche near the Arc de Triomphe, thereby significantly slashing expenses. Jarman himself would be on the traveling squad, and so, mitigated by it all, would Seligman.

Moose began assembling his team. He first approached George Yee, a wily infielder who is a bartender at the Square. Yee wordlessly peeled off \$200 as a down payment, a gesture his employer viewed with a mixture of gratitude and bemusement. Could the Square be overpaying its help? Others were not so quick to come forward with cash, but they willingly agreed to join the fold. "No one said no," said Moose. "Everyone thought the idea was just silly enough to try." Silly? It would be a dream game. San Francisco, as represented by the Washington Square Bar & Grill, vs. Paris, championed by Le Moulin du Village, for the Softball Championship of Western Europe. Two great cities. Two great saloons. Two lousy teams.

My own involvement was assured, for I had been trying to get back to Paris for 26 years. To return, even as a third baseman, would gratify an old wish to settle a score. I first visited the city when I was an Army private fighting the Korean War in Stuttgart, Germany. I entertained youthful visions of bringing Gay Paree to her knees, conceding, to be sure, that my uniform and my college sophomore French might prove encumbering. Still, I saw myself promenading on the Champs-Élysées with a Danielle Darrieux look-alike at my elbow and a flagon of Mumm's in my fist. Soon enough I wangled a three-day pass, crossed the border into France and made my way to Paris. Within minutes of my arrival, however, I swallowed my pivot tooth while chewing a slice of French bread outside some street stand on Place Pigalle. Hideously disfigured in my own view—the tooth was a front upper—I returned to a life of unsmiting seclusion, regarding myself as a latter-day Phantom of the Opera, doomed to skulk in the shadows of the City of Light. Visiting the Cathedral of Notre Dame, I felt instant compassion for the repulsive bell ringer, Quasimodo. In my wounded vanity, I too, knew what it was like to be shunned by women as something less than human. I spoke lit-

tle, walked the streets endlessly, and in the evenings, when I had expected to shine, I retreated to my room in a small hotel on the Rue de Navarin in Montmartre. Altogether, a tragic figure.

The errant chopper was eventually restored, but I was never again able to return to Paris during my overseas hitch. And yet, in the generation's gap between visits, I never lost my affection for this most fascinating of cities. To hear me years later speaking of its wonders, a listener might think that I did, in fact, have Mike Darrieux or her twin in tow, so diligent was I in suppressing the humiliating actuality. Beautiful cities, like beautiful women, will linger in the memory. Paris, in mine, remained alluring for 26 years. How good it would be to return as a presumably more mature man who, though somewhat longer in the tooth, at least had a full mouthful.

I am an unabashed city lover, and I love none so much as my own. I have been away from San Francisco twice in my adult life for periods of up to 3½ years, but I have never truly been away. My city has been much misunderstood in recent months, I fear, and, as happens so often to New York, it has been taking its lumps for only one aspect of its personality. Its legendary tolerance of the unusual is now seen as a fault, obviously the result of the Jonestown tragedy and the totally unrelated political assassinations that followed with such dreadful suddenness.

These were body blows felt by every San Franciscan, but the city has recovered from them, just as it recovered from the holocaust of 1906 that supposedly transformed it into an American Pompeii. Resilience is among the city's enduring qualities.

How nonsensical, anyway, to make sweeping generalizations about a place so complex and vital. What may prompt outsiders to hasty judgment is the sheer visibility of the city. San Francisco can be seen, almost in its entirety, from so many vantage points—42 hills, alone—that the onlooker may be forgiven if he thinks he has it in the palm of his hand. In fact, much of its charm is in its elusiveness, its ineffability. It is even possible to watch San Francisco's weather come to town—the white fog crawling through the Golden Gate like some phantasmal sea serpent whose cold breath can

alter temperatures by 20° or 30°. In a mere 47 square land miles, San Francisco contains a bewildering assortment of groups and individuals with differing ethnic, racial, economic and sexual orientations. With such diversity, tolerance is not so much a virtue as an obligation. San Francisco is far from "laid back," as the least perceptive of its delineators would have it. It defies the easy categorization Easterners, particularly, seem so fond of making—"Take away the hills and the bridges and you get Cleveland." There are too many conflicting forces at work for such facile classification. Like any city worth its name, it is stubbornly itself. And damned exciting.

The Washington Square Bar & Grill is certainly a representative San Francisco saloon. Its wide windows look out upon Washington Square, a park where old Italian men lose their days in conversation. During the day, the bar is as bright as a solanum, but at night, even with the merciless overhead lighting, the dark wood bar and "smoky grape" walls give a somewhat more subdued tone. Jazz piano is played there every night. The pianists—five alternate through the week—sit facing an enormous mirror on the back wall, so that the customers see the musicians' faces and the musicians see the customers only in reflection. This arrangement seems somehow to protect the pianists from the usual harassment. Norma Teagarden, Jack's sister, is rarely asked to play *Melancholy Baby*, for example. The Square attracts a disparate clientele—writers, journalists, musicians, cops, actors, lawyers, longshoremen, politicians, society types and the usual young men and women in quest of romance. It is an extraordinarily noisy place. Writer Susan McCabe once characterized the Square's noise as "happy. It sounds as if everyone has something to say. There is no mumbling."

The best time to be there is between the end of lunch hour and the beginning of cocktail hour. It is quieter then, and a person can contemplate the true meaning of existence. At such times, we bull-puppers plotted our road trip. Soncen of us—including travel agent Seligman and Trans World Airlines representative Diane Murphy—would leave from San Francisco. Nine others—including Jar-

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SOFTBALL

continued

man and his wife, Maryann, who were en route to the Cannes Film Festival—would join us in Paris from other parts of Europe. Of the 16 on the plane from San Francisco, half were unmarried women; there were, curiously, no wives at all in this advance party. Our total squad included four journalists, three real-estate women, three local businessmen, two lawyers, two publicists, an art gallery manager, a Wall Street financier, the former child movie star, the bar owner, the bartender and a cop—Chris Sullivan, a large, bright and jolly man who is an inspector on the sex crimes detail of the San Francisco Police Department and the first winner of the Washington Square Bar & Grill's International Penny Pitching Contest.

It was only after the advance party had departed that Moose realized the team had no nickname. What was needed, we all agreed, was something with Continental flavor, and so, after some lighthearted debate, we decided, somewhere over Michigan, on "Les Lapins Sauvages," in the mistaken impression—advanced by me—that it translated to "The Wild Hares." It was not until we were actually situated in the Royal Monceau that we learned from French-speaking friends that we were, in fact, "The Wild Rabbits." Subsequent events would prove this the more apt sobriquet.

I should pause here to define my own attitude toward softball. I do not play it for amusement. It remains for me what it has always been: a way of proving myself. When I was a boy, my father worked as a manager for a large department store chain, and each time he was promoted—too often, in my selfish view—he was required to transfer to a different store, which was always in a different Northern California town. Because of this peripatetic existence, I had to change my schools, from kindergarten through high school, on the average of about once a year. I was the perennial "new kid" in the classroom, an object, therefore, of derision. My already unpromising prospects for acceptance were additionally damaged by the fact that in elementary school, where conditions were

the worst, I was forced to wear glasses to correct far-sightedness. Spectacles in those days—the '30s and '40s—were equated with sissiness, and sissiness, if confirmed, was a crime punishable by eternal damnation. The life of a four-eyed new kid was hardly a bed of roses.

The best way—really, the only way—to escape being a pariah was to prove oneself on the athletic field. Softball was the ultimate test, for in that game incompetence could not be concealed in the line or the backcourt. The softball player stood alone, taking his cues at the plate, catching balls hit to him, or, horror of horrors, flubbing them. New kids were always assigned to rightfield, where the fewest balls were hit, but when one played there, one had best be prepared to make the most of it. A single dropped fly ball could mean Coventry. My first game in each of these new schools might as well have been the final game of the World Series, so excruciating was the pressure heaped on me in the lonely wasteland of rightfield. I shudder yet at the memory of long-ago misjudged line drives and swinging third strikes. There was the game against Garfield

Junior High School when I... Aaargh!

In time, of course, I became the brilliant fielder you see today, and sometimes my pop-ups would drop untouched for cheap base hits. It was never my intention in those days to become a star, only to win acceptance. I did not want to show anyone up. I just wanted, glasses and all, to be one of the guys. My entire athletic career, if such it may be called, was characterized by a fervent striving to make the team—and therefore be accepted—quickly followed by a degree of complacency and a perceptible slackening of effort. My high school football coach could never understand why I played so ferociously in the early practices and so lackadaisically thereafter. He could not have known that I had already gotten what I wanted when he issued me the varsity uniform. I can see now that these early experiences have obviously scarred me for life. Oh, well.

Anyway, to this day every softball game I play in, be it the Square vs. Cookie's or at a Father's Day picnic, is pretty much a matter of life or death. If I don't play well, they won't like me. Simple as that. So I am still out there dreading the first ball hit to me and hoping against hope the pop-ups will fall safely. Paris '79 would be no different from Fairfax Grammar School '39.

It seems clear now that in their concern with recruitment and transportation, Moose and Spurrier neglected one significant detail in the game plan—the playing field. Paris, for all of its infinite variety, is not fitted for her softball facilities. There are some vestigial diamonds in the Bois de Boulogne (Paris' Central Park), relics perhaps of the Liberation, but the infields are lumpy and overgrown, and on the day of our game, even these were occupied by soccer players and, to our amazement, Japanese baseball players. We did not give the matter a thought, though, as we warmed up on the street outside the grand entrance to the Royal Monceau before astonished passersby and a uniformed doorman who registered his disapproval by staring resolutely over our heads. We must have been a rare sight for Parisians tak-



The ball ran up my arm and over my left shoulder

continued

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FIGURE 1: What a great softball field! (The players are on the field, not on the rocks.)

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SOFTBALL

continued

ing their constitutionals—middle-aged men in stenciled T shirts and outsized gloves, tossing a strange white ball back and forth, rending the Sunday morning air with exhortations.

We never did find a proper field, and this oversight, in the judgment of the infielders involved—particularly this one—determined the rather bizarre nature of the game. We finally settled on a corner of a soccer field, principally because its chalked white boundaries could serve as our foul lines. There was no backstop, only a distant clump of trees and some parked Renaults to arrest the progress of misdirected throws. A deep trench ran parallel to the third-base line, an accident of topography that imperiled the limbs of those in pursuit of foul flies in that vicinity. Portions of the so-called outfield had been worn bare by soccer players, and the footing was tricky. The infield was plainly a disaster area. High grass concealed corrugated terrain the consistency of the battlefield at Verdun after the last bombardment. Ground balls approached infielders like pinballs bouncing off bumpers. But, as the pros say, it was equally bad for both sides. And the setting was serene—the modern towers of the new Paris on one side of the green woods, the magnificent boulevards and stirring monuments of the old on the other.

Les Lapins and our supporters assembled along the first-base line. Le Moulin and its supporters on the third. Moose had proposed in the preliminary negotiations that women be permitted to play, but Spurrer had experienced enough difficulty recruiting able-bodied men, and the Frenchwomen in his employ did not know a softball from a pomegranate, so the game unavoidably took a male chauvinist turn. In actual fact, none of our women wanted to play, anyway, declaring themselves perfectly content to sit on the sidelines and enjoy the fine Kronenbourg beer provided by Le Moulin and the Piper Heidsieck champagne donated by Andy MacElhone, the generous owner of that Paris institution, Harry's New York Bar. Our players were still mildly afflicted with jet lag and suffering from the aftereffects of an extended evening listening to Aaron Bridgers, an old Ellington hand, play piano at Le Club Home, near Le Moulin. It was also hobbled by a knee injury incurred the week before

while playing rucquetball and dangerously restricted by new Levi's so snug I could not lean forward without grunting in discomfort. I told Moose I could play with pain. George Yee was our only major casualty. Stricken with a galactic hangover, he lay on the grass alongside first base, guiltily mumbling, "I've let my teammates down." When Linda Sesnon, a political publicist, asked what position George played, Ruth Nomura, the gallery manager, replied, "Prone." Yee, in fact, rallied and finished out the game at second base, playing as expertly as any of the rest of us. Glenn Dorenbusch, our public-relations director, announced that he would prefer heckling on the sidelines to being heckled while playing.

We were disturbed at first by the apparent youth and muscularity of our adversaries. When they took the field, our women cheered them on looks alone. Of our own appearance, Prate Brennan, one of our real-estate ladies, remarked, "The only thing that could keep anybody off this team would be a cane." Still, we could see during the Moulin batting practice that these comparatively sinewy youths lacked our professional know-how. We were especially encouraged immediately before the game when their rightfielder, a lefthanded Englishman, borrowed a glove from our lefthanded catcher, Dan Brunner, and blithely slipped it on his left hand.

The game started promisingly for us when our leadoff hitter, Herb Allen, the Wall Streeter who patronizes the Square on his trips West, stroked a long fly ball that fell between their left and centerfielders and rolled halfway to Versailles for a home run. We scored six times in the inning. In my time at bat, I hit a pop foul which their catcher, Spurrier, caught. It was, I was later informed, the first softball Spurrier had ever caught.

When it came our turn to take the field, I, at third base, felt more than the usual chill of apprehension, because of the unevenness of the field, the abyss at my immediate right and the disconcerting crowd of champagne-crazed Americans and puzzled Europeans. I sought solace in the knowledge that the game was, after all, something of a lark, but for all the comfort it gave me I could as well have been on the infield at Yankee Stadium last October. And Moose, on the mound, was scowling with concentra-

tion. The old fears of childhood were upon me again. "Please," I whispered, "don't hit it to me." On Moose's first pitch, their leadoff man hit a lazy bouncer directly at me, or as directly as the field would allow. The ball ran up my arm and over my left shoulder and trickled into the outfield. The runner stopped at second.

The gleeful hoots this miscue provoked were trebled when the next ground ball, instead of bouncing abruptly upward as its predecessor had, clung to the irregular surface as if on tracks and skidded untouched beneath my trembling glove. The terrifying thought passed through me then that every ball in the game would be hit to me and, therefore, the side would never be retired and everyone in all of France would know that I was the worst third baseman on two continents. The nightmares of my childhood would be realized here in the Bois de Boulogne, far, far from the schoolyards where they were conceived.

This insane notion gained credence when the next ball was hit slightly to my left. I was prepared at this juncture to let it pass untouched into left field, but

Jarman, behind me at shortstop, yelled, "Your ball." Miraculously, it found its way into my glove. I was prepared to throw the runner out with one of my lightning pegs when our starting second baseman, Jerry McGrath, called out to me. I thought at first he was urging me to go for a double play, although even in my rattled state I knew there was no runner on first. McGrath, it seems, was merely congratulating me for my successful catch. But this charitable gesture served no purpose other than to delay my throw long enough for the runner to arrive safely. "Base hit," I cried out miserably to our official scorer, Stephanie Salter, the *San Francisco Examiner* baseball writer. "E-5," she wrote on her scorecard.

There can be no describing my elation when on successive plays, our leftfielder, Tom Shess, the editor of *San Francisco Magazine*, misjudged a fly ball into a home run and Jarman first bobbled a ground ball, then threw five feet over the head of Steve Strauss, our first baseman. Not all of the errors would be mine. We were, in fact, clearly in disarray, and Le Moulin base runners, some confused in their direction, were dash-

continued



Moose devised a rule to prevent the French from substituting some late-arriving Marines.

SOFTBALL

BY MICHAEL

ing by unchecked. Moose was apoplectic. "Can't anyone catch a ball out there?" he shouted from the mound, slapping tweed cap against khaki thigh. Apparently, no one could, for Le Moulin scored 14 times in its half of the inning to take a comfortable lead.

We returned to our supporters on the sidelines feigning amused disinterest. I, personally, was totally devastated, and I thought I detected telltale signs of embarrassment in the faces of my teammates, despite the jocular front we were putting up. All of us had spent our youths showing off in front of girls—or trying to—and now we were making fools of ourselves before them, playing against foreigners who didn't even know what they were doing. Dorenbush, a round-faced boulevardier whose wit is celebrated almost daily in San Francisco newspaper columns, commented dryly, "I think we need a new third baseman." He was joshing, I'm sure, but his words cut through me like a scalpel.

The rest of the game remains a little vague for spectators and participants alike. Salter stopped calling errors after we reached 16 in the first two innings. We did not ask for that kind of charity; it should be understood, but we gratefully accepted it. Our first baseman, Strauss, had only one putout all day, and that was at home plate on what I might humbly describe as a perfect relay throw from me. Well, it was not really a relay throw, because our outfielder missed the cutoff man by 20 feet, and the ball was rolling toward the ditch when I finally retrieved it and threw home to Strauss, who was covering the plate for some reason, to nail the runner, a Frenchman, who seemed uncertain whether home plate was his proper destination.

We had a terrible collision at second base when the burly Sullivan ran over the valetudinarian Igoe in quest of a pop-up. Igoe was, naturally, kayoed and bloodied, but we have grown so accustomed to seeing him prostrate that we were prepared to continue the game over his possibly dead body. True to form, he revived and, for good measure, singled in the next inning, protesting that he could not see the pitch, only hear it. Moose removed himself after the second inning and brought in Dave Bush from *la cage du taureau*. Bush, a sportswriter for the *San Francisco Chronicle*, held

Le Moulin to either six or eight runs the rest of the way, which was not far, because the game was called by mutual agreement after four innings and 2½ hours. The end may have been hastened when Moose imposed a rule unfamiliar to either side in an effort to prevent Spurrier from substituting some late-arriving Marines. "No one under 40 can be substituted," our manager shouted, perceiving that the oldest of the Leathernecks was no more than 22.

We rallied from the early deficit and won the game by a score of 40–20 or 40–22. Allen, who went 5 for 5 and actually caught a fly ball or two, was named our Most Valuable Player, amid much grumping from Bush, the ace fireman. It was the start of a big week for Allen. Two days later, back home in Manhat-

up on the lip of the ditch, which, with the assist at the plate, raised my fielding average to .400 for the game, .200 below my batting average. One of my pop-ups fell unattended at shortstop, another dropped behind second base, and a third fell at the feet of the Englishman with the glove on his throwing hand. Another ground ball did go through me at some point in the action, but scorer Salter sagely called it "too hot to handle," even though it was hit on the handle of the bat. Moose was declared the winning pitcher, because we went ahead while he was still on the mound, and Bush was awarded a save.

The postgame party was held at Le Moulin, although the restaurant's chef, Gerard Coustal, a former Maxim's cook, stood on his dignity and refused to participate in the preparation of the barbecued chicken we were served. There has been a restaurant on the site of Le Moulin at 25 rue Royale for 150 years, and it is easy to see why. Twenty-five rue Royale is actually removed from the main drag in a small alley that calls to mind the Paris of, well, 150 years ago. Children and dogs play there, and women call to each other from the windows of tiny apartments in the upper stories. We sang and danced and drank champagne and good Bordeaux wine there for nearly six hours after the game. Sullivan traded T-shirts with a Frenchman and, toward the end of the long day, Les Lapins cheered the vanquished foes: "*Le Moulin! Le Moulin! Vive Le Moulin!*" Franco-American relations were, all in all, well served, even though we slaughtered them.

As we passed through customs on the weary way home, an agent at Kennedy looked curiously at Brennan, who, though dressed to the nines in a snappy beige suit and high heels, was carrying an aluminum bat. "And what, Madam," he inquired, "was the purpose of your trip to France?" "Softball, of course," she replied with just a suggestion of hauteur.

About two weeks later, a number of Les Lapins alumni were sitting at the bar in the Square after lunch when Moose, agitated as ever, approached. "I've talked to the boys at the *Asian Wall Street Journal*," he said. "It's all set. Next year we play in Hong Kong for the championship of the Far East." And tomorrow the world



Back in Manhattan, Allen nabbed a robber

tan, he apprehended an armed robber fleeing a holdup of a Madison Avenue boutique. We read of his exploit in the New York newspapers while awaiting a change of planes in Kennedy airport on the way home. WALL STREET EXECUTIVE AIDS IN GUNMAN'S CAPTURE. *The Times* blandly headlined his feat. The story made no mention of his even more heroic performance with Les Lapins Sauvages in the Bois de Boulogne.

I redeemed myself somewhat from that disastrous first inning by catching a pop-

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week July 23-29

Compiled by ROGER JACKSON

BOWLING—GARY OCKINSON of Fort Worth defeated Mike Aubry of Indianapolis 248-219 in the final match to win the \$70,000 FIBA Amateur Open.

BOXING—YOKO GUSHIKEN of Japan successfully defended his WBA junior flyweight title for the ninth time, winning a unanimous decision over Rafael Pedraza of Panama at Kintyama, Japan.

GOLF—LOU GRAHAM made a three-foot putt for a birdie on the first hole of sudden death to defeat Bobby Watson and win the \$250,000 Philadelpia Classic. Both men completed the tournament at 11-under-par (27). Watson shot a final-round one-under-par 70, while Graham shot 64, equalling the course record.

ANY ALCOITZ snail a 40-foot turbot par on the 17th hole, and followed it with a 45-foot eagle putt on the 18th to win the \$150,000 LPGA tournament in St. John, Quebec by three strokes over Nancy Lopez.

HARNESS RACING—CHICKLA HANOVER (53.20), driven by James Allen, won the \$175,221 Dan Patch Cup Trot at Riverbets Raceway by a half-length over Crown Chain. The 3-year-old time was 2:02.5.

SHOTS—SAM (52.40), driven by George Skelly, won the \$120,000 Gates Pace at Versus Downs by three-quarters of a length over Hot Hitter. The 3-year-old record for the mile was 1:14.4.

HORSE RACING—SIBLAD (55.60), Daniel McHugher, drove the \$440,000 Susan Hancock at Hollywood Park by a neck over Ardiente. The 3-year-old time was 1:10.4, a turf record 2:24 for the mile and a half.

TERPSICHOIRIST (514.20), ridden by Eddie Macle, won the \$112,000 Sheepfold Fly Handicap at Del Mar by a nose over Last Moment. The 3-year-old fly was timed at 2:05.5 (for the mile and a half).

LOVE STREET (54:00), Jorge Torres, won by 2 1/2 lengths Sonora Stakes at Monmouth Park by three-quarters of a length over Dazzle Miley. The 3-year-old fly covered the six furlongs in 1:11.15.

MOTOR SPORTS—ALAN JONES of Australia, driving a Williams-Ford, won the German Grand Prix by 2.90 seconds over teammate Clay Regazzoni of Switzerland. Jones completed 45 laps of the 4.2-mile Hockenheim Ring Circuit in 1 hour, 24 minutes, 48.83 seconds.

BOCCER—NASH. The Minnesota Kicks won an unprecedented fourth straight Divisional championship, despite splitting two games. The Kicks lost to the Cosmos in both George Chonka's scoring two goals. Rocky Davis getting a goal and an assist and Joshua Norheim three assists. But Minnesota recovered to beat Houston 2-1 at home. Alan Waters, one of the league's leading scorers, who had gone without a goal for five games, scored the game-winner at 19:18. Houston also dropped a 2-1 decision to Atlanta, but qualified nonetheless for the playoffs. Chicago was another team that got a berth despite losing a game in a row. The Sting was defeated 4-1 by Dallas as Karl-Heinz Granitz scored two goals for the Toros and 3-1 by San Jose. Fort Lauderdale won twice and earned a spot in the playoffs. The Strikers played California 6-3 in Gord MacIver scored four goals, and then beat San Diego 4-2 in overtime. The Strikers' Teckle Cullinan won the game once overtime with a goal with three seconds left and Ray Hudson's goal won it at 95:34. Fort Lauderdale suspended forward George Best without pay for an indefinite period after his disappearance July 25. Washington finished second place in the National Conference East with a 4-1-1 overtime defeat of Seattle. Vancouver finished at its lead in the National Conference West, beating Tulsa 1-0 and Portland 3-2. California maintained its two-point advantage in the American Conference West, bouncing back from an loss by Fort Lauderdale to beat Seattle 2-1.

ASL. West Andy Chapman getting two goals and Joe Fack, contributing a pair of assists, the California Sakers defeated the Los Angeles Skyhawks 6-1 to clinch the Western Division championship. The Sacramento Gold, a second-place in the West had a whopping 99 points behind California, played the Sunshine to a 1-1 tie in Sacramento. The Gold, which won 7 of its last 8 games, also defeated Eastern Division leader

Columbus 2-0, on goals by Bobby Arber and Anthony Vercos. The Magic lost its hold over the New York Eagles out to 11 points. The Eagles got a goal from Jose Cevaldo at 86:30 to defeat Panayhama 3-2, then beat New Jersey 2-0 as Bill Bivette scored a goal and an assist. The defending champion New York Apollo, in the midst of a dismal season, lost two, to Las Vegas 3-2 and New Jersey 1-0, and tied the Americans 1-1.

SPARTANADE—MARINA NAKETEV of the Soviet Union established a women's world record of 54.78 in the 400-meter hurdles in the Spartanade in Moscow, taking 11.1 of a second from the mark held by compatriot Tatiana Zaynueva. In weighing, VALENTINE YAKOVLEN of Bulgaria set a world record in the clean and jerk at the 199-pound class with a lift of 410 pounds, one pound better than the record established by compatriot Yanko Koles. In the 115-pound division, HUAN GEN 30 of North Korea set the world record on the snatch lift, lifting 245 pounds, 1 1/4 more than the record set by Aleksandr Voronin of the Soviet Union (page 18).

SWIMMING—KIM LINHMAN of Saratoga, Pa., established an American women's record of 4:07.12 in the 400-meter freestyle at the Southwest Youth Championships in Austin, Texas, shoving 93.4 of a second off the mark set by Cynthia Woodhead last year.

TENNIS—VITAS GERULAITIS defeated Paul Sticil of Czechoslovakia 6-2, 6-2, 6-4 to win the \$75,000 Austin Grand Prix at Kauhah.

TRACK & FIELD—MARITA KOCH of East Germany established a world record of 48.89 in the women's 400-meter dash at Potsdam, surpassing her own 400-meter record of 48.94, set in 1976.

VOLLEYBALL—It was a halfway week for the Denver Concoits. In the midst of legal problems that could result in a PVA executive action against their owners, the Concoits defeated Seattle in five games to end their winning streak to 12 matches, tying a league record, and won their second Continental Division championship in three years. The streak came to an end when the Tucson Sky took a five-game losing streak. Denver Off the court, the four Concoit executives who were arrested July 14 on drug-related charges were released on bail. Tucson and San Jose City continued their battle for the league's final playoff berth. Along with their victory over Denver, the Sky also beat Albuquerque in four games, but lost to Seattle in five. San Jose led a game and a half, but then it dropped matches to Albuquerque and Seattle in the West. Santa Barbara defeated Albuquerque in three games and San Jose in four to maintain its 37-game lead over Seattle.

WRESTLING—FRED JEFF TORBORG, 37, as manager of the Cleveland Indians. Torborg, who has a record of 127-206 in two seasons with Cleveland, signed with the Yankees as a bullpen coach. Third Base Coach Dave Givens was named as the Indians' interim manager.

NAMED STAN ALBECK, 48, as coach of the Cleveland Crushers. Albeck was an assistant coach in the Los Angeles Lakers under Jerry West for three seasons. He replaced Bill Fitch, who had been the only coach in the Cleveland history and who now coaches the Boston Celtics.

JACK MCKINNEY, 44, as coach of the Los Angeles Lakers, replacing Jerry West, who resigned. McKinney was an assistant coach for the Portland Trail Blazers (1976-78) and the Milwaukee Bucks (1974-76).

DIED DON MILLER, 77, a member of Notre Dame's legendary "Four Horsemen" football of the 1920's; of complications following a heart attack, in Cleveland. Miller, the starting right halfback for the Fighting Irish from 1923-24, set holds the Notre Dame record for average yards per carry (6.8). He finished 1,932 yards with five on the school's all-time list, and scored 17 touchdowns. A first-team All-American in 1923 and a second-team selection in 1924, he was part of a backfield—the others were Jim Crowley, Elmer Lueders and Harry Stohlschneider—that graduated Ford compared to the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse. Of the four, only Crowley is still alive. Miller spent most of his 1935-36 journey for Northern Ohio and as a U.S. Bankruptcy Court judge.

CREDITS

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

KNOWTHMARE

Sir: John Papanek's article on Bobby Knight (*Triumph and Turmoil in the Pan-Am Games*, July 23) was more of a personal attack against Knight than a story on the team's success. Knight did the job he was hired to do—train a group of young men so they could win a gold medal. His personality isn't warm, but he's good at his job, which is one item Mr. Papanek forgot to mention.

DAVID REUSE
Morgantown, W. Va.

Sir:

Why so anti-Knight? If someone poked you in the eye, wouldn't you be prompted to strike back?

BRYAN BENTROTT
Seattle

Sir:

I'm embarrassed about the report written by John Papanek rather than by the behavior of Bobby Knight. The picture of Knight on the shoulders of the players tells their feelings toward the coach.

JOHN ARALA
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Sir:

Papanek states that Knight violently berated 18-year-old Istah Thomas. He doesn't mention that Thomas later said, "I felt real embarrassed the next day when I read how they were getting on Coach Knight. I felt I deserved that chewing-out, and the rest of the team felt the same way."

LARRY BARNARD
Indianapolis

Sir:

Mr. Knight is obviously an emotionally unstable person who needs understanding and help. But he is also a national embarrassment, and I certainly hope that more care will be exercised in the future selection of our national representatives.

DANIEL L. HUBERT
Sullana, Kans.

Sir:

It would be the gravest mistake since runboat diplomacy in the Caribbean to send Knight to Moscow in 1980. Let's keep him and others like him within the limits of Indiana. He is the original "Ugly American."

AL SALAZAR
Casselberry, Fla.

Sir:

When a coach's display of temperament overshadows the game itself, something is definitely wrong.

MARIE CRAIG
Fort Myers, Fla.

Sir:

Bobby Knight's antics may well be appreciated at Indiana University, but in international competition, when the eyes of the world are upon you, there is no place for such disgraceful behavior. His actions overshadowed the great accomplishments of the entire U.S. team.

GARY BRISMAN
Opa-Locka, Fla.

Sir:

Bobby Knight's inexcusable behavior in the Pan-American Games was an insult to every decent, respectable American.

JUDITH L. MENFORD
Pittsburgh

Sir:

It is high time Hoover fans realize that one national championship should not exempt Bobby Knight from representing us in a manner in which we can be proud. My only consolation in this matter is knowing that Knight is a transplant. John Wooden is a born-and-bred Hoosier.

D. J. HANES
Mishawaka, Ind.

THE GAMES

Sir:

I found your coverage of the Pan-American Games most disturbing. You did not give the Cuban team the credit it deserved. For a country with 4.4% of the population of the U.S. to get more than half as many gold medals, while finishing a strong second in total team performance, is quite an achievement. On the contrary, you made it sound like the Cubans were the defeated favorites. SI would never engage in bias due to the political system in Cuba, would it? Give credit where credit is due!

JAMES FLEO
Phoenix

NOLAN

Sir:

It's nice to see Nolan Ryan get the credit he deserves (*Hats Off to You*, Nolan Ryan, July 23). He is one of the best pitchers in the game.

NILEY SHAW
Tulsa

Sir:

As I was filing away the cover photo of Nolan Ryan with other notable SI pictures, I noticed it was almost identical to that on the cover of the June 16, 1975 issue, with two exceptions: Ryan no longer has his name sewn on the back of his uniform, and the price on the cover has risen from 75¢ to \$1.25.

JEROME E. RAPALZ
Niles, Ill.

WHEE FOR LEE

Sir:

The article on Lee Mazzilli (*Hometown Kid Makes Good*, July 23) was excellent. He is one of the finest outfielders in baseball but because he plays for the lowly Mets he was virtually unknown outside of New York. Mazzilli's home run and bases-loaded walk in the All-Star Game made the entire country aware of this great young talent.

MICHAEL WEINSTEIN
East Meadows, N.Y.

SPEED DEMONS

Sir:

I've heard of a rabbit in a road race, but never a carrot (*Oh Wow! A Carreening Carrot!*, July 23). I'd rather watch the *Arms' Soap Box Derby* than Indy anytime. Tell me, when is the next one?

JUDY SEIGER
Los Angeles

• Whenever the mood strikes. —ED

CLASSY FIRST

Sir:

Sarah Pileggi's fine report on the Women's Open made me feel I was right there on the scene. You said that Jerilyn Briz was not the oldest winner, but was she the first Open champion who had not previously won a pro event?

FRANCIS B. KERR
Tampa

• No, Marlie Breer in 1962, Mary Mills in 1963 and Sandy Spuzich in 1966 all were first-time winners. —ED

ABOVE AVERAGE

Sir:

We are pleased to announce that Joan Ackermann-Blount (*Up in Arms About My Arm*, July 16) currently represents, as a pitcher and shortstop, a fine local establishment called 20 Railroad Street. She is batting .656, and even though she thinks she is missing a muscle, we're sure she's not. Her arm has improved to the point that women are now asking her, "How'd you do that?"

KAREN W. SMITH
TERRY UPCHURCH
ANNETTE DARMENO
Hartsville, Mass.

MOVIE, MOVIE

Sir:

My disappointments with Frank Deford after his review of *Goldengirl* (*A Great Big Golden-girlly Production*, July 16) approached the inexpressible. Deford having knocked out *Rocky II* in the first round, I counted on his not letting *Goldengirl* out of the blocks.

continued



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Regatta

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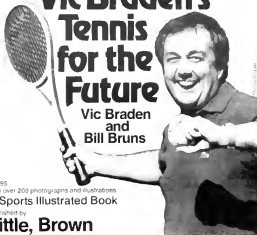
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19TH HOLE continued

Reading the review, I got the feeling Deford's detrimental comments were restrained, while he had to dig deep to find elements of the film deserving praise. Evidently the Rocky worshippers who wrote in to support their hero have tamed sports journalism's reigning gold medalist.

Deford has been running a great race. I would hate to see him fade in the horse stretch.

CHARLIE GOLDSTEIN
Ithaca, N.Y.

Sir,

Strange woman, this Goldengirl! Her 100-meter time of 10.91 would be an American record, but her 20.03 in the 200 would not only be a world record (the current mark is 21.71 set by Maria Koch of East Germany earlier this year) but would also surpass the fastest time run so far this year, a 20.04 by James Mullard of Alabama. She may run too straight-up in the 100, but she's obviously doing something right in the 200. I'll have to see the movie to find out just what.

MARK JENSEN
Klamath Falls, Ore.

BEST & WORST

Sir,

IN BASEBALL'S WEEK (July 16) Kathleen Andria said Mike Schmidt is the first man in history to twice hit home runs in four consecutive plate appearances (over two games). Mike Schmidt is the second man to do this. Ralph Kiner was the first; he seems to have been forgotten by everyone.

JIM PERLE
Northport, N.Y.

• Kiner, in fact, did so only once, in 1949. In 1947 he hit home runs in four consecutive at bats but walked twice between his third and fourth homers —ED

Sir,

Many thanks for your four-line coverage of Mike Schmidt's four home runs in a row and seven in five games. Anything that you don't say about the Phillies will be greatly appreciated.

F. N. GALLAGHER
Bethlehem, Pa.

Sir,

Andria wrote, "[Oakland had] a shot at another record: worst winning percentage in baseball history." The worst record was by Cleveland in 1899, its last year in the National League, when the Spiders were 20-134-12987. In order to "beat" this the A's would have to be 21-141-12983, and they had already won 24 games. As much as I would like to see the A's set any kind of a record, this one has slipped away.

DENNIS DAMITZ
Sacramento

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